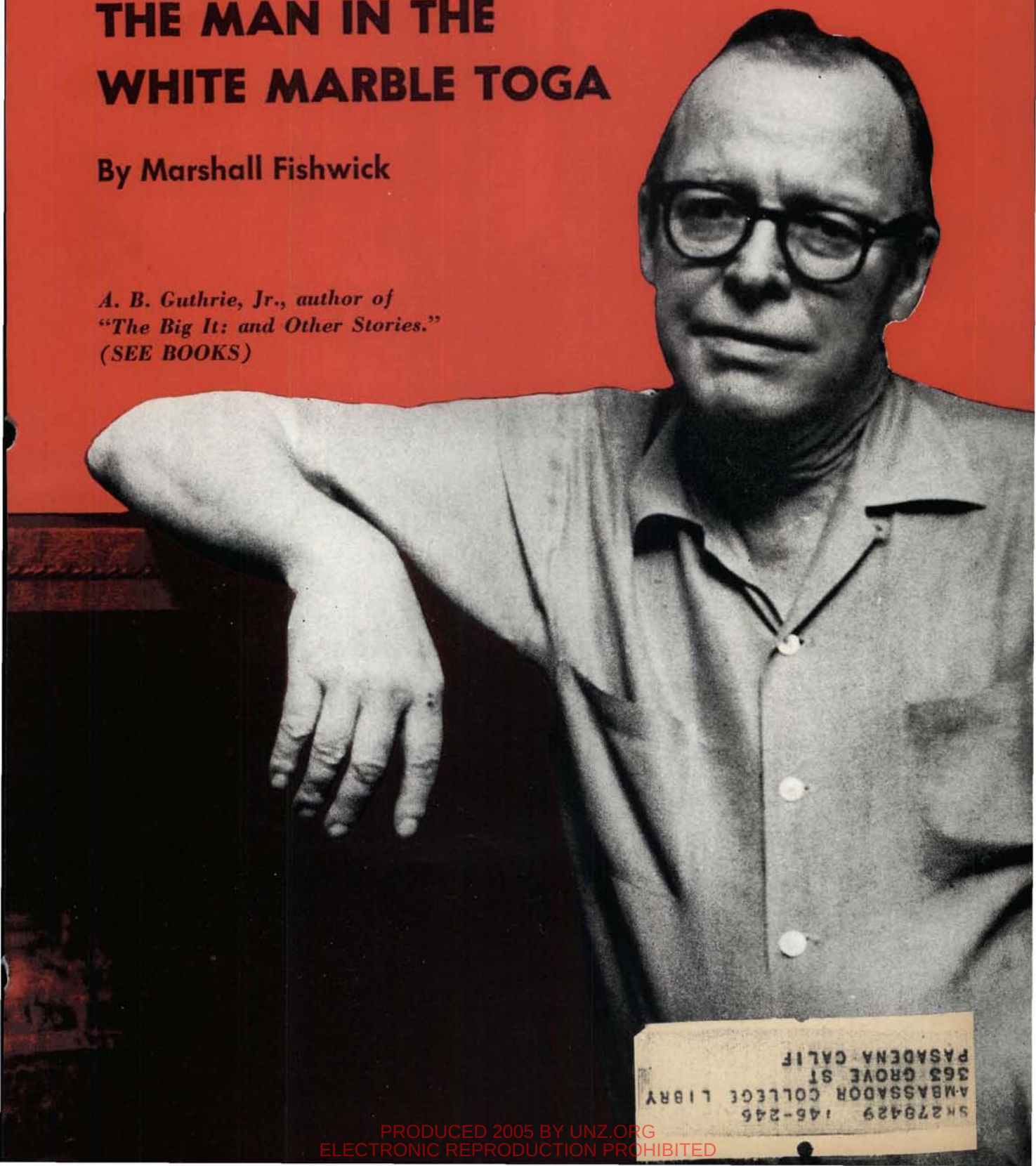
Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 20, 1960 / 25¢

THE MAN IN THE WHITE MARBLE TOGA

By Marshall Fishwick

A. B. Guthrie, Jr., author of "The Big It: and Other Stories." (SEE BOOKS)



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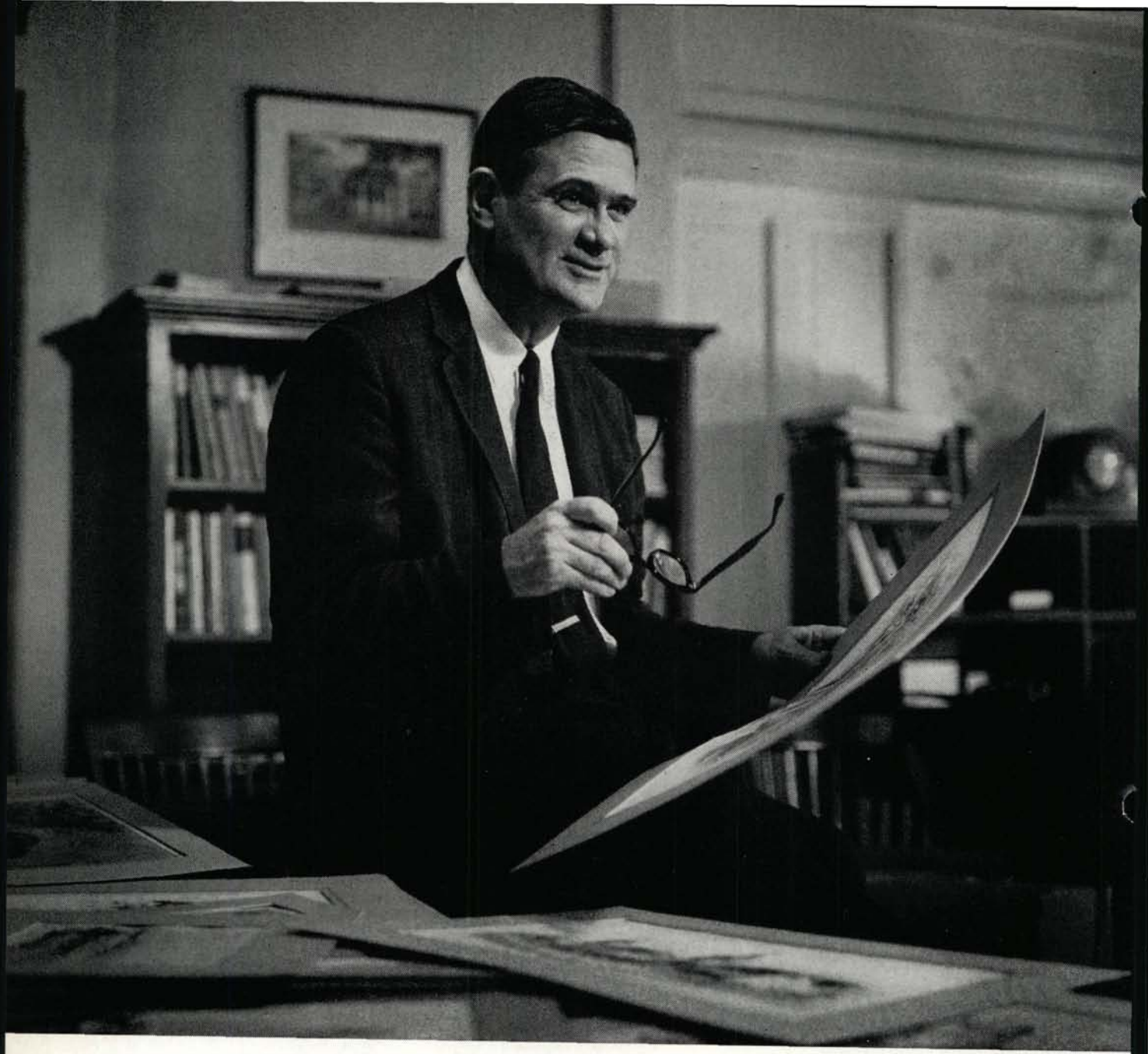

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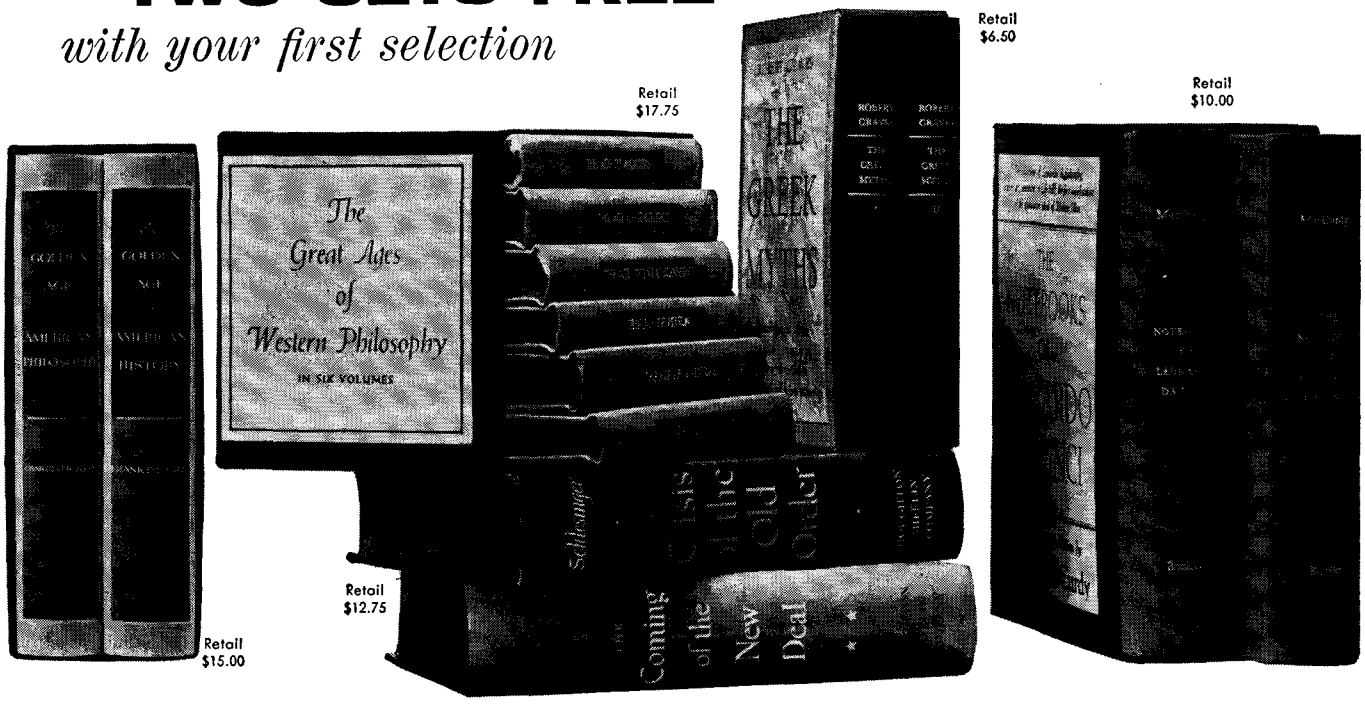

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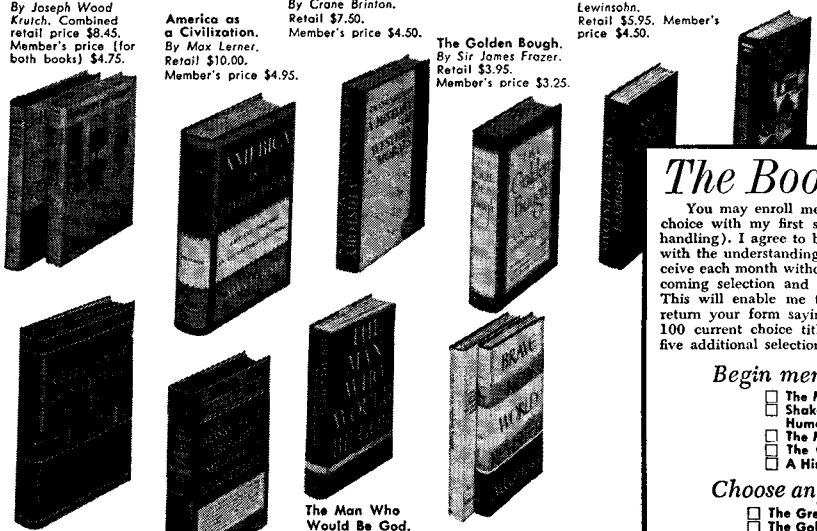

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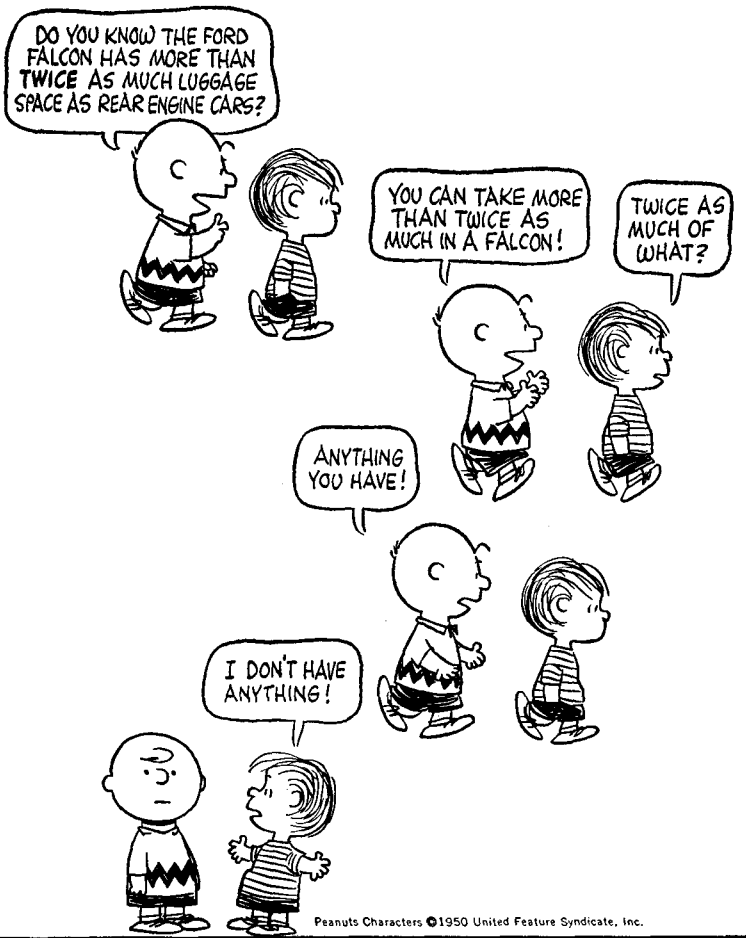
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THE PHOENIX NEST

Those Were the Days

Edited by Martin Levin

TO ALL SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS

Do you suppose there'll ever be
A Martian not as smart as me?
—Fred R. Bachmann.

• • •

THE HORSIE

NEVER overestimate the power of the horse. The best he can do is one eighty-thousandth of a Pratt and Whitney engine. This wouldn't have been enough to get even Pegasus off the ground.

The horse is often referred to by lady authors as a "noble" animal. This is because the horse occasionally holds his head in such a way that, if you count his neck, on a man it would look noble. On a horse it is merely the way he looks. This is the same nobleman who runs into a burning stable because he's scared and he thinks he's going home where it's safe. When human nobility acts like that they are referred to as the diseased part of the family.

Dr. Johnson remarks in his dictionary that oats are a grain which in England is fed to horses and in Scotland to the people. In our republic the people eat oats and cows . . . horses go to the dogs. The elephant eats more than the horse but a man who eats like a pig is said to eat like a horse because most people still haven't seen an elephant. The horse eats grass and so do we but we call it watercress. He also eats sugar, given by whimpering children.

Dodderers often refer to "the smartest horse I ever seen." This engages the attention of the indolent who ignore or don't know that the smartest horse who ever lived was at about the same stage of mental development as the sandpiper. There have been vaudeville horses who could count (fixed) and some circus horses who "danced" (but the beat *followed* the horse) and some Lipizzaners who could get all four feet off the ground at the same time. Well, well.

It is true that a horse running free is a marvelous sight, but who lets him do it? He usually has to carry 117 pounds of leather and a dwarf. If it isn't that, then it's a fat lady in the park or a cop in the traffic. An orse's lot is not an appy one.

If you see a horse that's really remarkable for being ornery, stupid, recalcitrant, and all around pesty, it's a zebra. —Henry Morgan.

• • •

WHAT WAS THAT—NEW YORK?

WHEN I was a boy in Old New York there were horsecars aplenty and it was a poor boy indeed who did not have one to play with. Of course they ran much differently in those days. Mott Street, for instance, was very crooked then (we used to say "he's as crooked as Mott Street." This gave rise to such current expressions as "as straight as Forty-fourth Street," "as long as Fifth Avenue," "as big as a house," and the like) and frequently the horse would find himself in back of the car, pushing it with his hooves. They don't make horses like that nowadays.

I remember very clearly, it was in 18— or 19—, that I first encountered *girls*. The point under discussion was the disputed possession of my horsecar, the entire Mott Street line franchise, and an old teddy bear. The girls won, and I went to seek Father's advice and consolation. Father was under the kitchen stove reading the "Decameron," but he was quick to give me his ear, as well as his tongue.

"My boy," he said, "one man's meat is another man's poison, life is like that, and it takes one to know one." Thinking this over, I pushed aside Grandfather and crawled out.

Of course I did not leave the kitchen without lifting the lid of the great iron pot on the stove to take an exploratory sniff of our dinner-to-be. Mother was a Boston girl, and we had New England boiled dinner every day for fourteen years.

But there were other things for a boy to do. Sometimes Father would take me to see John Barrymore. Sometimes John Barrymore would take me to see Father. There was never a dull moment.

Beard-pulling was a favorite game with us boys. Beard-pulling had died out as a sport in England about 1066, but later (much later) it became "quite the thing" in New York, and I venture to say that there were no more accomplished practitioners of the art than myself and my chums, John Meany and "Lunch" Anderson. They don't make boys like that nowadays. The game was conducted on a point basis, points being awarded according to the size of the beard and the fame of the person (or "beardee," as the game's object was called) involved. Thus Walt Whitman was five points, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow two, and Amy Lowell one. They don't make beards like that nowadays. —Richard E. Harrington.

• • •

TAKE IT EASY

EVERY lecturer has his troubles. But the biggest headache is the entrapment into giving three speeches for the price of one. There is the after-dinner speech sandwiched in between the "small reception" and the "informal gathering."

When you deplane at your destination, you are met by several lovely gardenia-ed ladies, to whom you hopefully explain that you want to retire to a hotel room. The hostess immediately tells you what a terrible disappointment it will be if you don't come to her "small reception," to which she's invited just a few close friends. Arrive at this small reception, and the first thing you see is two cops directing traffic. This has got to mean one speech, after which you are whisked to the dinner to deliver the second speech. (This is the speech you are paid for.)

But when you are through, you have yet to face the biggest test of all—"the informal gathering." These assemblies are supposed to include only a few friends and "important community people," and they are held on the patios of suburban homes. When you arrive—you realize those cops are getting as tired as you.

There is one more invariable about these tripartite functions. Seven kind people approach you during the evening and, lowering their voices, advise, "Harry, you ought to take it easy. Why do you waste your time running around to all these unimportant events? You ought to quit." Curiously enough, they don't mean that you should forego the joys of their carefully planned "small receptions," after-dinner speeches, or "informal gatherings." They mean forego those rituals *tomorrow* night at some other guy's festivities. "Take it easy, Harry. But don't start tonight. Start tomorrow night." —Harry Golden.

• • •

LIVING HIGH

The airplane ads push just one line:
A plane's a pleasant place to dine;
For in their ads, fore'er repeating,
The passengers are always eating.
—Earnest Elmo Calkins.

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TRADE Winds

WHEN HE GOT a suit back from the cleaners in a plastic bag, Gurney Williams found this warning: "To avoid Danger of suffocation keep away from Babies and Children."

THAT IMPRESARIO of book promotion, Mike Gross, tells me that his wife is angry with him again for laughing during the serious part of a motion picture. He's trying to make her understand.

The latest instance concerns a movie wherein a country girl comes to New York and meets a city boy who volunteers to show her the town.

He takes her to dinner at a swank restaurant, to a hit show, to an exclusive night club, and spends about $100. Finally he invites her up to his place for a drink.

The "place" turns out to be a penthouse on Park Avenue, according to Gross. They enter a living room so gigantic that a grand piano in a far corner appears to be a child's toy. On an enormous easel near a window stands an unfinished painting. Next to it is a marble-topped table, on which repose an enormous palette, a vase full of brushes, and a dozen tubes of paint. Oriental rugs cover the floor. The furniture gleams expensively. The ornate bar along one wall glistens and beckons. The plot thickens.

The girl gazes in awe at the kingly splendor and then speaks: "You've

never told me what you do for a living."

Our hero answers thusly: "You've no doubt noticed, when you buy a novel, that it has a paper cover around it. That's called a jacket—and I design quite a few of them."

That's when Mike Gross—remembering the seventy-five-dollar checks he used to receive from publishers after sweating out a half-dozen preliminary roughs and then laboring an additional two days on the finished art work—laughed.

And that's when his wife got mad.

RUSSEL CROUSE, who teamed up again with Howard Lindsay to write "Sound of Music," told me a story explaining why their friend Meyer Davis, the orchestra leader, can never get first-night seats to Lindsay-Crouse shows.

"Years ago Meyer, who lives in Philadelphia, pestered us for seats to the showing there of 'State of the Union,'" Crouse said. "We got them. In fact, we got him still another pair to that showing later. He was nice enough to throw a party for the cast, too."

"Well, when the play came to New York and opened at the Hudson Theater, he asked for opening-night seats. We said, 'Gee, Meyer, you've seen it. Why first night?'

"But he was insistent, so we managed to get him a couple for the first night. I always hang around the back of the theatre on opening night. I went upstairs to our office in the building during first intermission, and when I came down for the next act I saw Meyer Davis with his coat on his arm.

"I said, 'Where are you going?'

"He said, 'I'm leaving. I've seen the show, you know.'

"I exploded. 'You son-of-a-gun, you'll never get first-night tickets to a show of mine as long as I live!'

"We kept our word, and Meyer doesn't even ask for them any more."

LOUIS W. KOENIG tells in "The Invisible Presidency" (Rinehart) all about seven men who, in our history, have wielded behind-the-scenes power at the White House, the latest being Sherman Adams. Adams, it is said, had a sense of humor, but it was "a dry subtlety."

A group of officials, for example, showing up at Adams's office, would converge on the conference table for a meeting. "George," Adams would say to one of them, "you take the comfortable chair." It happened that the chairs around the table were identical, each with a straight back and a hard oak seat.

Ha! Ha! Ha!

IN THE TOURIST-CLASS washroom of the Greek ship *Arkadia*, says Mrs. Lucile Freed, this sign is displayed: IN CASE OF SCALDING, TEST WATER BEFORE USING.

READING THE display advertisements on a New York bus makes me wonder what the world is coming to. There were undergarment, gum, and wallpaper ads, and the rest were these:

ACTION (American Council to Im-

Inventory...for Investors!

Stores take them all the time.
To check up on just where they stand.
To see what's selling—or slow.
To re-order the good lines—close out the bad.

It may take some time and trouble, sure. But just ask any store if it isn't worth it.

And that's how it goes with most smart investors, too.

Periodically, they like to sit down and re-appraise their holdings... go over the stocks they own in the light of current conditions.

They want up-to-date figures on sales, earnings, dividends . . . fresh estimates on the outlook for certain industries and stocks . . . the assurance that profitable opportunities for purchase or sale are not being neglected.

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prove Our Neighborhoods), Heart Fund, Boys Clubs, Community Service Society, NATO Shield of Freedom, Fifth Avenue Bus Advertising, Fight Cancer (2), The President's Committee on Government Contracts, U. S. Navy (2), Multiple Sclerosis, Help the College of Your Choice Now, The Greater New York Fund Helps You, Catholic Charities Needs You, Fifth Avenue Coach Lines Community Relations Department, New York Historical Society, and "Sleep Well Tonight—Your National Guard Is Awake!"

WHEN LARRY RITTER, chief economist of the domestic division of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, did some editorial work for Rinehart, he told the publishers he didn't want money for it. Instead he wanted to be paid in "Peanuts" books.

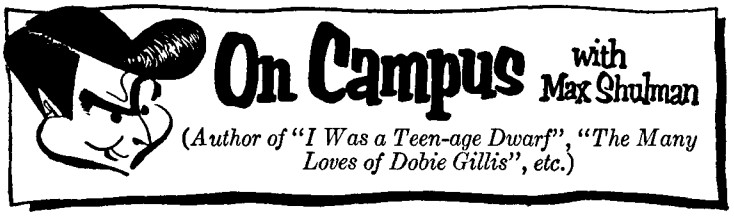
He got the entire set, which he presented to his son. He explained to Rinehart that dollars will depreciate, but that "Peanuts" books can only increase in value. (The opinions of Mr. Ritter are not necessarily those of the Federal Reserve Bank.)

GETTING PEOPLE TO Read Books: Case Number 4. The San Antonio Public Library sent an open letter to 3,000 members and prospective members of the local Friends of the Library group, recommending "Image of America," published by Viking and written by R. L. Bruckberger.

Among other things, the letter described the book as "of universal importance," and "overpowering in its message for everyone who wishes to understand our heritage and our possibilities for the future." A coupon was attached. So far more than 100 patrons of the library have returned the coupon and had a copy reserved for them. The library purchased extra copies of the volume to meet the demand and, according to Librarian Bill Holman, San Antonio bookstores attributed some of the good sales of "Image" to the library's promotion.

He told me: "This was our first effort—an experimental one—at promoting a single book in such a manner. We picked "Image" because it was a book several staff members felt was particularly significant and warranted wider reading than it was receiving.

"With only two exceptions, our patrons were enthusiastic in appreciation



THREE WHO PASSED IN THE NIGHT

Last year, as everyone knows, 1,210,614 undergraduates dropped out of college. 256,080 flunked; 309,656 got married; 375,621 ran out of money; and 309,254 found jobs. As you have, of course, observed, this accounts for only 1,210,611 out of 1,210,614. What happened to the other three?

Well sir, to find the answer, I recently completed a tour of American campuses where I interviewed 40 million students and sold several subscriptions to *The Open Road for Boys*, and it pleases me to report that I can now account for those three elusive undergraduates.

The first was an LSU junior named Fred Gaugin. He was extremely popular, always ready with a smile, fond of folk dancing and pralines, and last semester his Chi Psi brothers unanimously elected him treasurer of the fraternity. This proved an error. Gaugin, alas, promptly absconded with the money and went to Tahiti to paint. The fraternity is bending every effort to extradite Gaugin, but Tahiti, alas, is currently observing the feast of Dipthong, the Sun-God, a five-year ceremony during which all the islanders wear masks, so nobody, alas, can say for certain which one is Gaugin.

The second missing undergraduate is William Cullen Sigafoos, Oregon State freshman, who went one day last fall to a disreputable vendor named A. M. Sashweight to buy a pack of Marlboros. Mr. Sashweight did not have any Marlboros because Marlboros are only sold by reputable vendors. However, he told Sigafoos that he had another brand which was just as good, and Sigafoos, being but an innocent freshman, believed him.

Well sir, you and I know there is no other brand as good as Marlboros. That fine filter, that flavorful flavor, that pleasure, that joy, that fulfillment—are Marlboro's and Marlboro's alone. All of this was quickly apparent to young Sigafoos and he flew into a terrible rage. "As good as Marlboros indeed!" he shrieked, kicking his roommate furiously. "I am going right back to that mendacious Mr. Sashweight and give him a thrashing he won't soon forget!" With that he seized his lacrosse bat and rushed out.

Mr. Sashweight heard him coming and started running. Now Mr. Sashweight, before he became a disreputable vendor, had taken numerous prizes as a cross-country runner, and he thought he would soon outdistance young Sigafoos. But he reckoned without Sigafoos's stick-to-itiveness. At last report the two of them had passed Cleveland. When they reach the Atlantic Seaboard, bad Mr. Sashweight will get his lumps from Sigafoos, you may be sure, and I, for one, am glad.

The third missing undergraduate, also named Sigafoos, is a Bennington sophomore named Celeste Sigafoos and, ironically, she never intended to leave college at all. She was merely going home for Christmas on the Natchez, Mobile, and Boise Railroad, and during the night, alas, her upper berth slammed shut on her. Being a Bennington girl, she naturally did not wish to make an unseemly outcry, so she just kept silent. The next morning, alas, the railroad went bankrupt, and Miss Sigafoos today is lying forgotten on a siding near Valparaiso, Indiana. Fortunately she has plenty of Marlboros with her.

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* * *

And how about the rest of you? Do you have plenty of Marlboros? Or if you like mildness but you don't like filters, plenty of Philip Morrises? Hmm? Do you?

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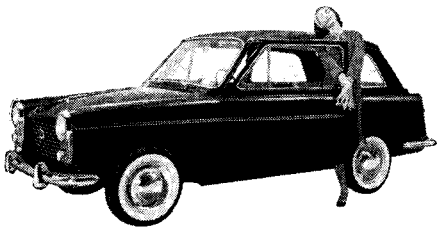

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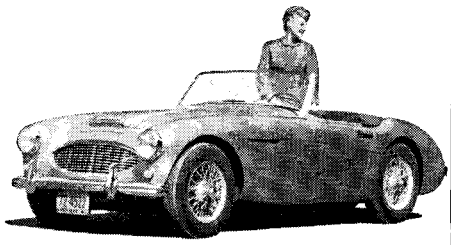

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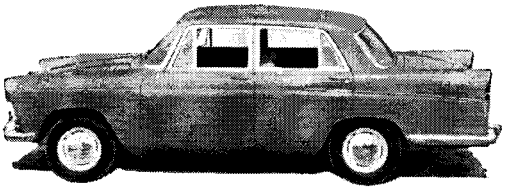

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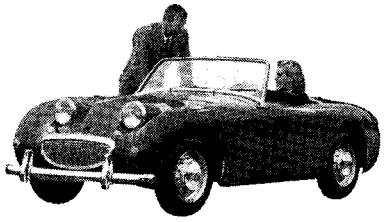

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of the library drawing their attention to a book they had missed. These two, however, felt that there was an element of danger in the head librarian giving the library's official recommendation to one book. It might bring pressure from others or even from a local author to recommend his or her title. That point has some validity.

"But I believe librarians should be more forthright in lending their enthusiasm to promote a book—even a single book—if they honestly feel that the author's contributions need highlighting in order to reach a wider audience."

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Elsie Masterton, whose "Blueberry Hill Cookbook" has already sold in less than a year more than many cookbooks sell in three, is opening a cooking school in Brandon, Vermont, during May.

► Dr. Robert Louis Gilman was studying the television programs the other night and had this choice at 11:15. Channel 3: Jack Paar Show; Joey Bishop, guest. Channel 10: Late Show, "A Bullet for Joey" with Edward G. Robinson and George Raft.

► In the art colony of Carmel, California, says *National Geographic,* the flavor of the past has been captured by banishing street lights, neon signs, billboards, bowling alleys, trailer camps, used-car lots, mortuaries, and mail deliveries.

► In Monticello, Wisconsin, a 10 P. M. curfew for persons under eighteen years of age lasted exactly seven days. The village board abandoned it, citing "numerous complaints from parents."

► Ross Heuer reports that in Columbus, Ohio, a state liquor store is located at the intersection of Gay and High Streets.

► And Forrest Darrough asks if we've heard about the taxidermist's pet monkey who had a psychological problem: it suffered from mounting apprehension. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1351)

PHYLLIS WRIGHT:
FEBRUARY SONG

Our true love, carved upon a tree
As interlocking hearts, would be
No better armed for storm or age.
And amulets are not the things
To nurture it. Nor gypsy wines:
We are each other's Valentines.

Still every daisy petal's whim
Says he loves me as I love him.

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Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 20, 1960

—Culver Service.

Chantrey's statue of Washington, State House, Boston.

THE MAN in the WHITE MARBLE TOGA

By MARSHALL FISHWICK

HE IS STILL first in everything. His aloof alabaster face stares at us from monuments, paintings, coins, and postage stamps. Towns named after him are everywhere. Beds he slept in are relics, stones he stepped on are sacred, battles he lost are victories. But who amongst us really loves him? George Washington is the Man in the White Marble Toga.

Let the super-salesmen of the happiness cult in our times take note. The father of our country did not have the quick smile and neat phrase which we are all urged to cultivate. He kept his distance, and few men called him George. We visit his tomb today not so much to pay our respects to a man as to visit a shrine. His body may be at Mount Vernon, but his spirit looks down from Mount Olympus.

This seems all the more incredible when we piece together what is known of the living Washington. In him there burned a hell which, when freed, seared the souls of those in its path. He was the soldier who wanted news "on the spur of speed, for I am all impatience"; the man who cursed his troops when they ran "like the wild bears of the mountains." He was the young buck who once danced for three hours without a pause, and the country boy whose stories about jackasses were decidedly Rabelaisian. There was hotter blood in Washington's veins than the dames of the DAR dream of. The god-like Washington was all man.

Charles Lee, who was the target for some of Washington's most magnificent profanity, was one of the few men who begrudged the Virginian's fame. "He has long been in a state of divinity," Lee wrote his sister in 1792, "but of late the legality of his apotheosis begins to be questioned." Lee was right about the apotheosis, wrong about its legality. The judgment of the people, the final court of appeal, was nearly unanimous. Washington's prestige after Cornwallis's surrender was greater than that of the United States. "Know the intimate character of Washington himself," William Carlos Williams has said, "and you will know practically all there is to understand about the beginnings of the American Republic."

Even during his life people referred to him as a "demigod." In 1800 a Pennsylvania farmer wrote "Washingtons Ankunft in Elisium," depicting the general strolling around heaven, chatting with Brutus, Alexander, and Columbus. When Paul Svinin visited America a few years later, he wrote in his diary: "Every American considers it his sacred duty to have a likeness of Washington in his home, just as we

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have the image of God's saints." All this in the so-called Age of Reason, which was dedicated to a rationalistic view of nature and humanity.

The nineteenth century felt the same way—and even more intensely. "I cannot write or speak the name of Washington without a contraction and dilation of the heart, if I do it irreverently," confessed John Neal. For Catherine Maria Sedgwick the very name "conjured up a sentiment resembling the awe of the pious Israelite when he approached the ark of the Lord." The Reverend J. N. Danforth likened Washington to Jesus, and his mother to an earlier Mary. The pronoun "Him" was capitalized in accounts of Washington's life. Only the Protestant ethos saved him from canonization.

THE worship of Washington jumped oceans with ease. In France, Napoleon Bonaparte ordered a week of national mourning when Washington died. Alfieri and Botta in Italy, Byron and Thackeray in England, and Kosciusko in Poland knelt at Washington's image. Translations of the "Farewell Address" girdled the world. The modest squire of Mount Vernon became world-famous, and his legend supported a structure international in design and craftsmanship.

Many historic factors help explain this phenomenon. Washington was capable, aristocratic, commanding; he had the look of greatness. He lived at a time, and participated in events, which aroused the heroic. His incredible patience and tenacity personified the colonies' noble but difficult task. He refused to usurp either military or civilian power. When the times that tried men's souls were past, he returned to the land.

By his own efforts, George Washington won his place as father of his country. But it was not he who added the toga. That was the work of many who admired him, but who never called him George. History, biography, oratory, journalism, poetry, art, and fiction played their part. We can be more specific. Six men—Parson Mason Weems, Jared Sparks, Gilbert Stuart, Jean Antoine Houdon, Sol Bloom, and Douglas Southall Freeman—are the chief architects of the marbleized figure who broods like a Greek god over our culture. Without their words, pigment, stone, and strategy, he would not be what he has become.

Weems was the nineteenth son of a Scotch immigrant. Preacher, bookseller, fiddler, keeper of the public pulse, he emerged as the poor man's Plutarch. Best known for his life of Washington, he also did biographies of Benjamin Franklin, William Penn, and Francis Marion. Studying great men made his "bosom heave with emotions unutterable, while the tear of delicious admiration swelled in my eyes." When he got to Washington, the tears became a torrent. His temperament and experience were highly susceptible. He took naturally to praising famous men fervently in his sermons and stump speeches. While he probably had met the general and had been a collector of Washington items, this hardly justified his conferring upon himself the rectorship of Mount Vernon Parish, particularly since there was none of that name. He just was not the type of man to be bound by the tyranny of facts, even when they were covered with clerical garb.

When Washington died in 1799, hundreds of sketches and sermons came from the presses. The one that most clearly set the pattern for future eulogy was Weems's "History of the Life, Death, Virtues, and Exploits of General Washington," published in 1800. It was seldom a hard book to come by. Responsive to the law of supply and demand, Weems revised and fattened his work frequently; the fifth edition, issued in 1806, consisted of 250 pages. Sales continued strong long after Weems's death. In 1921 the seventy-ninth successful edition appeared.

Anticipating Horatio Alger, Weems made the Washington saga a formalized success story. "Here was a proper rise for you," he gloated when Washington snared the rich widow Curtis. In the fifth edition he introduced the cherry tree story (the most persistent single legend in American history), the cabbage story, and the wild colt story. Even if many of his tales were concocted, one feels that scientific historians have been unduly severe to this mixer of mythology, musket-balls, and the backwoods. Shame on Allan Nevins for saying, as he does in the Encyclopedia of Social Science, that Weems "long exercised a deplorable influence upon popular history."

WEEMS worked in the super-historical realm. There were and are two Washingtons. Weems concerned himself with the invented one. Of course his Washington was very different from the one born and reared in Virginia; he was bound to be. Americans of yesteryear who read Weems weren't concerned with the accuracy of the portrait. They read with their hearts. Many cried when they came to the account of Washington's death:

> Swift on angel's wings the brightening Saint ascended; while voices more than human were warbling through the happy region and hymning the great procession towards the gates of heaven. His glorious coming was seen from afar off; and myriads of mighty angels hastened forth with golden harps, to welcome the honoured stranger.

Let those who question such zeal bow their heads in silence.

No attempt at subtlety lurks in Weems's words. His essential achievement can be stated in three words. He got across. He made intelligible the type of hero young America craved, and he had a virtue thoroughgoing historians lacked: he was readable. Common men appreciated this so much that when Weems died they made up legends about him, just as he had done about Washington. Tall tales concerning his life are still making the rounds in the South.

The work of Jared Sparks raises fundamental questions. How much should historic truth be doctored to encourage heroic legend? Where does obligation to truth stop and poetic license begin? Should we attribute to great men what they actually said or did, or what they should have said and done? How deep should the editor's pencil dig? Jared Sparks is the Pontius Pilate of American historians.

RAISED on a small Connecticut farm, Sparks (1789-1866) soon displayed a brilliance that eventually made him president of Harvard and a Washington scholar almost literally beyond compare. He read Virgil at the rate of a hundred lines a day after less than eight week's schooling. When Harvard's President Kirkland reviewed Sparks's college record he concluded, "Sparks is not only a man, but a man and a half." After a try at the ministry, Jared worked on the *North American Review*. There he developed a concern for history and documents that affected the rest of his life. He became our first highly efficient collector and editor of documents. The face of Washington he moulded into a death mask of perfection.

With his assistant, Samuel Eliot, Sparks made many changes and deletions in the Washington manuscripts. "Old Put" became General Putnam, and naughty phrases disappeared. The Washington who finally emerged had no vices and no temper; he belonged to the ages.

The French sculptor Jean Antoine Houdon was shrewd enough to realize that this was the Washington he must put into stone. So we have him, with a column of thirteen rods under his left hand, and the mold-board of a plow under the column. Here is the Cincinnatus of the West. This Washington you will meet not only in Vir-

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—*From "Pictorial History of American Presidents" (Library of Congress).*

George and Martha Washington at home in Virginia—"When the times that tried men's souls were past, he returned to the land."

ginia's state Capitol, where the original stands, but also in London's Trafalgar Square, Chicago's Art Institute, and Tokyo's Embassy Gardens, where there are copies. The image has world dimensions.

As for the face itself, the one we know is Gilbert Stuart's. His Lansdown and Athenaeum portraits stare out at us from books, stamps, tablets, advertisements, and dollar bills. During the 1932 Washington Bicentennial, poster-sized reproductions of Stuart's portrait were sent to every American schoolroom. The Washington most of us know is this one.

AND the reason we know it so well is that the late Sol Bloom, the energetic and indefatigable New York Congressman, made it his life work. Retiring as a millionaire to public service in 1923, he represented the Riverside Drive district of Manhattan until his death in 1949.

Sol Bloom's bizarre bills and his fist fights in Congress were nothing compared to his hero-making. In 1930 he became associate director of the George Washington Bicentennial Commission. His coequal on the Commission, U. S. Grant III, grandson of the general who made a name for himself by sticking it out on a battle line all winter, did not persist as his namesake had. He left Bloom in sole control. The new commander not only filled the breach; he spilled all over the wall. Before Congress knew what had happened, he organized a nine-month celebration, nailed down an appropriation of $338,000, and hired a staff of 125. During the legislative recess he devoted, in one way or another, fifteen hours a day to Washington. Millions of printed pieces jammed the nation's letter boxes. Tons of Washington badges, buttons, and busts went on sale. Sol even took over, with Washington's help, Mother's Day, Memorial Day, Independence Day, and Goethe's birthday. Finally he set up his own radio station, with an antenna on top of the Washington Monument. Never has one man said so much about Washington to so many. As Will Rogers wrote in a letter to Bloom, "You are the only guy who ever made a party run nine months, and you did it in dry times, too. You made the whole country Washington conscious."

A newspaper cartoon pictured Sol in a Continental uniform, with the caption, "First in War, First in Peace, First in Bicentennial Publicity." One columnist thought Bloom was getting to look more and more like Washington. A Republican Senator replied there was little cause for alarm just as long as Washington didn't start to look like Sol Bloom.

TO no one's surprise, Bloom's offer of $500 for any Washington-publicizing idea that had escaped him went unclaimed. Bloom knew why. "I have taught more real American history in the last twenty years to more students than anyone in the United States," he claimed. Even those who would quibble with the Congressman's definition of "real American history" must concede that no one else has ever done more for Washington. Weems, Sparks, Stuart, and Houdon will have to move over and make room for Sol Bloom.

In our own day, Douglas Southall Freeman has turned the quintet into a sextet. This Virginia gentleman, long-time editor of the Richmond *News Leader*, has published the nearest approximation to a "definitive" life of Washington, the last volume of which has just been released posthumously. It is too early to evaluate Freeman's con-

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New Spotlight on the Soviet

By MARVIN KALB, *author of "Eastern Exposure" and a specialist on Soviet Affairs for CBS News.*

THE SCENE is a noisy Soviet courtroom. The year is 1959. Six high school students are on trial for stealing bicycles, watches, and food. The state prosecutor, angrily denouncing them as "vestiges of capitalism," turns to the gallery. "They are our enemies," he bellows. "They are scum." The courtroom buzzes with a nervous excitement. "Crime is typical of the bourgeois way of life under capitalism," he barks. "Lenin has written that capitalism is dying, but its vestiges are still among us. They stink, and we must destroy the smell."

Three Russians who are listening in the courtroom are bewildered. "We have socialism," one of them asks, "so why do we also have vestiges of capitalism?" Another Russian muses: "What I don't understand is how long are we going to hear about these vestiges?" The third Russian, stroking his scraggly beard, wonders: "And why is it that these vestiges should be our own young people who have never lived—even for a day—under capitalism?"

These are the probing, provocative questions that Gregory Medynsky asks in "Honor: The Life and Crime of Anton Shelvestov," a new Soviet novel, just published in Moscow, that disagrees fundamentally with Premier Nikita Khrushchev's recent pronouncement on Soviet literature. The ebullient Russian leader, who desperately wants to avoid bad publicity, warned that Soviet novels must portray the "emergence of Communism" in "positive," "enthusiastic," and "optimistic" colors. The "new Soviet man," he continued, must "roll up his sleeves" and work "happily" for Russia. Medynsky's "Honor" snarls, pines, yearns, hates, mourns, and pouts. Its theme is juvenile crime; its philosophy combines spiritualism with nihilism; and its descriptions range from unprecedented peeps at a Soviet penal colony to a startling courtroom debate.

"Honor" is not a literary *tour de force*, such as "Doctor Zhivago," and Medynsky is no Pasternak. Rather, "Honor" recalls Chernyshevsky's "What Is to Be Done?," a nineteenth-century Russian novel that exercised a magnetic tug on a fistful of revolutionaries, including Lenin, by its bold, crude depiction of Muscovite reality. Medynsky, an old hack who probably never caused the Kremlin a moment's concern, has described contemporary Moscow with eye-catching candor and courage.

Medynsky's hero is not "positive," "enthusiastic," or "happy." He is a seventeen-year-old high school senior who is lonely and frightened. His mother, who has remarried, works in a factory; his stepfather is a tough, cynical, unsympathetic manager who can talk to Anton only in the clichés of *Pravda*. Anton disbelieves *Pravda* and despises the Komsomol. One day, bitterly nihilistic about Communism, pathetically lonely in his collective society, Anton joins a gang of juvenile delinquents who roam the walks along the Moscow River, stealing watches, bicycles, even food. If Anton could involve himself fully in his new gang, he could forget his misery. But he can't.

His uncle, a successful Soviet engineer, tries to infuse Anton with the bouncy spirit of Communism. "You must be alert. You must work hard in school. You must attend Komsomol lectures," the uncle says. Anton yawns impolitely. "That's all old stuff; why don't you just leave me alone?" he asks. "Old stuff!" the uncle shouts. "Old stuff! Why, in 1929, I started a factory in Stalingrad. In 1931, I helped on the collectivization drive. I have helped to build this country."

"You are old, my uncle, very old. Those were your battles. But where are ours?"

"Come with me to a collective farm this summer," the uncle suggests plaintively. "It will be good for you, and I will see to it that you don't work too hard."

"You must be joking!" Anton laughs. "Imagine me, working on a collective farm! No, thank you."

A few crimes later, Anton and his friends are apprehended and brought to trial. A young journalist named Shansky is assigned to cover the case. Shansky is Medynsky's voice.

How can these young people be vestiges of capitalism? Moreover, in Soviet society, why should they be? Could there be anything basically wrong, or improper, about our system? "Oh, my God," he cries, "what a theme this is! How can I possibly write about it?"

SHANSKY is frightened. He understands how "knotty" and "complicated" his story has become. As he delves more deeply, he realizes that he must expose all facets of the crime and, if need be, question some of the fundamental precepts of his society. "Only the bad housewife brushes all the dirt under the rug; the good housewife cleans up the whole mess."

"We are going toward the sun," Shansky comments symbolically, "but the road there is not straight. No one argues that we should not raise our economic might. But, without the cleanliness of the human spirit, the good character, the noble soul—without these, we cannot go toward the sun. For the road to the sun goes through the human heart."

During the trial, the prosecutor attacks Anton's parents. They are the cause of his "antisocial" behavior. They did not shower him with affection, so he came to feel hostile. Medynsky does not agree. Anton's friend,

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Small Handful of the Superb

By Granville Hicks

MARY STEGNER has edited **"Prize Stories 1960: The O. Henry Awards"** (Doubleday, $3.95), and Wallace Stegner has written an introduction. His remarks about the state of magazine fiction are so cogent that they deserve to be quoted:

> I was surprised at the number of magazines, surprised at the total offering of stories, surprised at how few were at all serious, surprised at how few even of the serious ones will stand up to a critical reading. There is, as one would expect, a great mass of the sleazy and trivial and sensational. There is a considerable body of fiction that is mass-produced with interchangeable parts, but that is very skilfully made, and for an audience that is sophisticated but not discriminating. There is, mainly in the little magazines and the quarterlies, a steady supply of quite hopeful apprentice pieces, stories in which the craft is not quite equal to the conception, serious stories not brought off. There is an awful lot of pretty good, nearly good, partly flawed, half successful, not quite exciting, almost striking stories. There is a relatively small, but still considerable, quantity of highly literate, intelligent, skilful, and moving stories, the kind that the very best writers write when they are not quite up to themselves and that good writers write when they are fully up to themselves or are surpassing themselves. And there is the small handful of superb ones.

Mr. Stegner thinks there are at least two superb stories in the present volume, and I don't quarrel with his judgment. They are Lawrence Sargent Hall's "The Ledge" and Philip Roth's "Defender of the Faith," and they were given first and second prize. The former is a grim story, starkly told, moving with slow dignity to an unforgettable climax. The latter is very different, a funny story in part though serious enough in its intentions. One begins by admiring Roth's craftsmanship, the deftness with which he selects his incidents and the assurance with which he sets them forth, but in the end one realizes that the story is not merely adroit but full of meaning.

There are other stories that, if not quite so good as these two, are very good: Herbert Gold's penetrating study of divorce, "Love and Like"; Elizabeth Spencer's tale of two kinds of ghosts, "First Dark"; Robert Henderson's gentle exploration of domestic trivia, "Immortality," and Eugene Ziller's "Sparrows," the terrifying monologue of a dying man. I also like the stories of Robin White, Sylvia Berkman, Gina Berriault, James Purdy, Maurice Ogden, and Glendon Swarthout. In fact, the general level of this year's collection seems uncommonly high.

"New Campus Writing #3" (Evergreen, paper, $1.75) is largely made up of what Wallace Stegner calls "quite hopeful apprentice pieces." There are no stories that clearly rise above this class, and there are some that don't make it. However, it is significant that the editors, Nolan Miller and Judson Jerome, have found in twenty-five colleges undergraduates who are earnestly seeking to become writers. As the editors say, there is a lot of variety, great seriousness, and some talent.

For many years now two fashion magazines, *Mademoiselle* and *Harper's Bazaar,* have published much more than their share of good short stories. Not only have they been hospitable to established writers of high literary quality; they have given recognition to many a beginner who was destined to become illustrious. **"Forty Best Stories from Mademoiselle"** (Harper, $5) contains many of the brightest names in contemporary literature. From the United States we find William Faulkner, Katherine Anne Porter, Paul Bowles, Carson McCullers, Truman Capote, Tennesee Williams, Flannery O'Connor, and many others. From the other side of the Atlantic come Albert Camus, Alberto Moravia, Elizabeth Bowen, Joyce Cary, Eugene Ionescu, and Frank O'Connor. Not all these people, naturally, are represented by their best work, but there are stories in the volume that deserve to be called superb. The notes by the editors, Cyrilly Abels and Margarita G. Smith, are somewhat chatty but informative.

When Roald Dahl's "Someone Like You" was published a few years ago, he was compared with Saki and O. Henry, and it is true that he goes in for plots and surprise endings. His great gift is for telling a macabre incident in such a way that the reader shudders and smiles at the same time. In his new collection, **"Kiss Kiss"** (Knopf, $3.95), the first story, "The Landlady," is a perfect example of what he can do. That a landlady should make a hobby of killing and stuffing her young boarders doesn't seem offhand like a comic idea, but the reader, when he catches on to what is happening, is first struck by the grotesqueness of the situation and only on second thought realizes how horrible it is.

If Dahl's climax isn't a macabre revelation, it is likely to be the kind of reversal in which a smart person is outsmarted. "Mrs. Bixby and the Colonel's Coat" is a good example of the type, with a second twist coming close after the first. Even better is "The Champion of the World," in which an ingenious pair of poachers discover too late that there is a flaw in their grand scheme for catching pheasants.

The kind of story Dahl writes runs two risks. In the first place, the trickiness may degenerate into mere formula, and, though this has not happened with Dahl, there are one or two stories that seem slightly mechanical. The second danger is overelaboration, and it is in this way that Dahl is inclined to err. In "William and Mary," for instance, there is so much preparation that the climax is a disappointment, and the same may be said of "William the Conqueror." Even in these stories, however, there are many of the touches that make Dahl an uncommonly entertaining writer.

WILLIAM VAN O'CONNOR, well known as a teacher and critic, has been writing short stories on the side, and Crowell has published a collection of them, **"Campus on the River,"** as an original paperback at $1.95. As the title suggests, the stories are all concerned with academic life, and O'Connor knows what he is about. He writes quietly, so quietly that some of the selections don't come off. For example, the longest and most ambitious story, "Nick, the . . .," never gets into focus. On the other hand, such stories as "The Saint and the Scholar" and "The Retirement of Professor John Underhill" are sound and moderately moving. By and large, the stories are what Stegner would call "pretty good, almost good."

Stegner says that "a truly superb story is a kind of miracle," and miracles don't take place every day. O'Connor is not a miracle worker, nor is Dahl, good as he is in his own way. But both "Prize Stories 1960" and "Best Stories from *Mademoiselle*" bear witness that miracles do happen. And stories that are less than miraculous can be rewarding.

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Book in the News

—PIX.

Montgomery on Rommel's stallion.

By Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, Q.C., M.P., *chairman, Parliamentary Group for World Government*

FIELD-MARSHAL Viscount Montgomery's **"An Approach to Sanity: A Study of East-West Relations"** (World, $2.75) does not add much that is new concerning the wartime alliance, but it deals clearly and convincingly with the failure of Allied statesmen to realize in time the postwar objectives of Russian policy. He writes as he speaks: crisply, candidly, and confidently. He goes straight to what he regards as the heart of things, without subtlety or embellishment.

His analysis of events and problems in postwar Europe is lucid and expressed in characteristically forthright language. Thus he says: "In May 1945 we had to pay for losing the war politically, although we had won it militarily." He is critical in this connection of the American attitude that "all political issues should be left for discussion till the fighting was over."

Unfortunately, the Allies were not in agreement themselves on political issues and the common cause might have been seriously injured if the differences on military plans and operations, to which the Field-Marshal refers, had been exacerbated by political differences. Nevertheless, Allied failure to look ahead to the political problems that would arise with military victory has had a deep and continuing effect on the postwar situation. The unhappy fate of Eastern and Central Europe is the background to persistent East-West tension.

Lord Montgomery is also critical of the Casablanca Conference, at which Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill decided on the policy of "unconditional surrender." He holds that at the same time "the Western Allies should surely have ensured that their forces gained possession of the great political centres of Central Europe before the Russians—notably Berlin, Prague, Vienna. If this had been laid down as the object by Roosevelt and Churchill in January 1943, in my considered view as a soldier, we could have grabbed all three in 1944 before the Russians."

After the Yalta Conference (February 1945), the feeling of trust gave way to suspicion—when, in the words of the Field-Marshal, "Stalin began to take the necessary steps to ensure that the whole of Eastern and Central Europe would be ruled by Governments under the control of Moscow." By then it was too late for the Western nations to ensure that "they would be well-placed politically *vis-à-vis* the Russians when the fighting stopped."

The author's account of events following the German surrender makes interesting reading. He reminds us that Stalin refused Marshall Aid for Russia and for the captive nations, although some of the latter had begun to welcome it. This was a clear indication, he says, "that Stalin did not want Europe to recover economically; he preferred a disrupted and dismembered Europe; recovery might have impeded the spread of Communism."

Field-Marshal Montgomery presents a clear and concise picture of political developments between 1945 and the present time, and few would disagree with his view that NATO has played "a foremost part in preserving peace during the postwar years." His criticisms of the NATO organization are mainly technical. He wants an investigation conducted by a very small committee, under a very strong chairman.

It is when he deals with postwar relations between East and West that the author becomes forward-looking and constructive. The present writer is in agreement with the Field Marshal when he sets out what he considers should be the political aims of the West. They have indeed been urged time and again in the British Parliament. He sums them up as follows: (1) A united Germany in a free Europe and (2) the need to work for a friendly China.

Field-Marshal Montgomery, however, takes the view, and it is widely held, that the reunification of Germany, though very desirable, is not at present practical politics. But on Berlin he says, "The West must stand firm and continue to insist on our rights until the whole problem is sorted out." He feels strongly, as many others do, that there will never be a united Germany until the problem of European security is settled. He urges therefore that both East and West should accept certain "realistic factors" which could help towards a better understanding, and regards the following as the more important:

(1) The East, led by Russia, has no intention of launching a direct all-out nuclear attack on the West.
(2) The West, similarly, will never attack the East.
(3) It is illogical to expect Russia to agree that a united Germany, armed with nuclear weapons, can be integrated into the Western Alliance.
(4) It is illogical to solve the German problem without first solving the European security problem.
(5) It is illogical to work on the assumption that the East German Government does not exist.
(6) It is illogical to work on the assumption that the true Government of China is in Formosa.

How far it would be possible to achieve all-round acceptance of all these "realistic factors" is uncertain, but the author is right to focus attention on their importance.

FEW readers will dissent from the Field Marshal's view that the West must have unity and leadership, though he appears to underestimate the difficulties which inherently beset leadership in all democratic countries and which reflect themselves in democratic alliances. Where collective leadership lacks power of decision the cause is usually to be found in the lack of unity on policy. I agree with the Field Marshal when he urges that Western leadership "must emphasize the will to negotiate," and that it must work for "flexibility in all attempts to find a way to 'live and let live' with the East—led by Russia—avoiding all rigidity of thought, while at the same time ensuring the over-all security and vital interests of the Free World."

The author's title is apt. He seeks to point the way to a sane solution of East-West problems and to the easing of tension. But the ultimate responsibility will rest with the statesmen of the two sides.

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SOVIET ORBIT

A Lion Stalks the Cold-War World

"The March Wind: Explorations Behind the Iron Curtain," by Desmond Donnelly *(Putnam. 256 pp. $3.95), reviews the author's traveling troubles with the hammer and sickle. Now Mediterranean area director of NBC News, Irving R. Levine wrote "Main Street, USSR".*

By Irving R. Levine

SINCE the advent of Nikita Khrushchev to prominence in the Kremlin a journey into Russia no longer is a rare occurrence and reports of such trips appear with regularity. It is a rare author, however, who can attempt, as has British Labour Party M.P. Desmond Donnelly, to include in a single volume an account of three trips to Russia, China, and Poland, one to Mongolia, and a few side ventures into East Germany and Czechoslovakia.

Subtitled "Explorations Behind the Iron Curtain," this is a lively, personal if not profound account of periodic trips over a five-year span from 1952 to 1957.

Unlike the proverbial behavior of the month of March, Mr. Donnelly in his travels in "The March Wind" neither enters nor leaves like a lamb. He is always the lion. His roar contributes little to the cultivation of international amity but it does provide readable anecdotes. In a Peking hotel crowded with nonpaying, invited guests of the Chinese Government Mr. Donnelly was exasperated by the poor service and he called for the manager. " 'Look here,' I said, 'I'm the only man in this hotel paying his own bill and I expect service!' I had no more trouble after that," M.P. Donnelly reassures his readers.

Sometimes the author's insistence on the sharp rejoinder seems to have frustrated his mission of gathering information. Such was the case on a flight from Alma-Ata to Moscow when friendly relations with a fellow passenger, a police general, evaporated under the heat of Mr. Donnelly's irrepressibility.

"By about the third stop, when the General and I were on most amiable terms," writes Donnelly, "I asked **him** whether it was true that Malenkov had been arrested and taken back to Moscow. 'I imagine you are in charge of him,' I added. I said this in English through my interpreter to see what he would make of it. At once, he lost his buoyancy and anxiety shrouded his features. He did not answer but looked away; and that ended our friendly exchanges."

In Warsaw Donnelly was invited to say a few words of greeting at the conclusion of a lecture by a Polish journalist. The startled Poles heard their guest say: "My message to you tonight is to tear down the Iron Curtain. Smash the artificial barriers that divide mankind and make it possible for any Pole to visit Britain and any Briton to visit Poland whenever they like."

In Mongolia the peripatetic parliamentarian investigated the status of V. M. Molotov, the Soviet foreign minister demoted to ambassador to Ulan Bator for opposing Khrushchev's policies. In an interview with Mongolia's foreign minister, Donnelly was told that Molotov "looked very well—but it is so sad . . . he has done so much for the working people and it is very sad to see him make such a bad mistake."

Calling at the Soviet Embassy to try to see Molotov for himself, Donnelly was kept waiting for a half hour and finally told that Ambassador Molotov "is not available today." Not to be left without the last word, Mr. Donnelly recounts that "I departed defeated, leaving Mr. Molotov a note telling him that I was inquiring after his health."

Although the attempt to cover so much geography in so limited space results in a cursory, impressionistic treatment, the time span of Mr. Donnelly's travels provides opportunities for detecting trends. He found in Poland in 1956 "that the kind of morale essential to the functioning of government was fast running down." A few days thereafter the Poznan riots exploded. A year later he was astonished at the improved atmosphere in Poland and found many of his acquaintances to be "relaxed and happy." A similar moderation took place in Russia from the time of Donnelly's first visit in 1952 during Stalin's final months to the time of his most recent trip in 1957. In China, however, the trend was in the opposite direction with the passage of time bringing increased repression.

In a brief epilogue Donnelly foresees a "colossal explosion" in the Far East caused by China's growing population, whose land space may soon set intolerable restraints on industrial expansion. Although he recognizes the need for deterrent military strength against China, Donnelly suggests that there must be a willingness to redress China's grievances.

"The tragedy of the gathering storm in Asia," writes the British Labourite, "is the isolation that has been imposed upon China by American policy."

Newsgirl on Canton soap box helps maintain circulation of evening papers.

Cracow churchgoers line up to attend Corpus Christi day mass.

—From the book.

Outer Mongolian family out for a stroll in capital city of Ulan Bator.

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Her History Unwraps the Riddle

"Russia at the Dawn of the Modern Age," by George Vernadsky *(Yale University Press. 347 pp. $7.50), and* ***"Soviet Conduct in World Affairs," compiled by Alexander Dallin*** *(Columbia University Press. 318 pp. $4.50), find in the past clues to the complexities of the Kremlin. New York Times reporter Harrison E. Salisbury is the author of the soon-to-be-published "Moscow—And Beyond."*

By Harrison E. Salisbury

ONE OF the most satisfying pleasures to be found in Russian history is the constant illumination which it sheds upon the Russian present. Too often in this hasty age we are inclined to leap to the conclusion that history in Russia began on November 7, 1917, and that since that day the great land of the Slavs has become a nation made new, a state transformed, a society of men of a new order.

But, obviously, this is nonsense—a product in part of Communist propaganda and in part of our own ignorance. The moment one begins to read a careful, scholarly history of Russia, such as the great work which Professor Vernadsky has in progress, the superficiality of so many of our current concepts about Russia becomes apparent.

"Russia at the Dawn of the Modern Age" is Volume IV of the major reexamination of Russian history which Professor Vernadsky has undertaken. It deals for the most part with the foundation for the creation of the modern Russian state which was laid by the predecessors of Ivan the Terrible, Ivan III, and Vasili III.

This is the period in which Russia was shaking off and confirming her independence of the terrible Mongols. It coincides with the Renaissance and Reformation in Western Europe, and these cataclysmic events had rather greater repercussions in Russia than most of us are aware of.

And, of course, there are echoes aplenty of methods of rule and psychology of government which have persisted in the Russian state down to the present day. The tactic, for instance, of the removal and transfer of populations, so widely used by Stalin was a familiar device in the Muscovite state nearly 400 years earlier.

When Stalin took over the Baltic states on the eve of World War II he removed thousands of residents to Siberia and replaced them with Russians. When the Moscow state overwhelmed Novgorod late in the fifteenth century, Ivan III deported more than 9,000 Novgorod residents to the East and sent in an equal number of Moscow boyars to take their place. His successor, Vasili III, did the same thing when he took over Pskov a few years later. In all, 6,500 Pskov households were displaced and Muscovites were put in their stead.

The replacement of possibly disloyal populations with reliable citizens is not a procedure unique to ancient Muscovy or twentieth-century Soviet Russia. But it is one of the countless strands of traditional conduct and behavior which give to Russia its national style.

As Professor Samuel L. Sharp points out in one of the many cogent articles incorporated by Professor Dallin in his anthology on Soviet conduct, the West has become so preoccupied in recent years with tedious study of the Marxian dialectic that we have almost overlooked a whole body of knowledge which gives us a much clearer understanding of Kremlin policy.

"Baffled by the Soviet phenomenon," writes Professor Sharp, "millions in the Western world have found a negative consolation of sorts in the famous statement by Winston Churchill that Russian policy is 'a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma.' But how many have bothered to read the qualifying words which followed? Having disclaimed ability to forecast Soviet actions, Churchill adds: 'But perhaps there is a key. That key is Russian national interest.' "

It is Professor Sharp's thesis that much more light will be cast upon

(*Continued on page* 38)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

POETICAL PUPS

Many a dog has been celebrated in verse. Robert A. Charles of Missoula, Montana, asks you to name the major British poets who kenneled the dogs in the following quotations—and the poems too. Answers on page 39.

1. Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
   Hath a toothless mastiff bitch.

2. Of smale houndes hadde she that she fedde
   With rosted flessh or milk and wastelbred.

3. "Oh it is I, my mistress dear,
   Your little dog, who still lives near."

4. A spaniel, Beau, that fares like you,
   Well-fed, and at his ease.

5. Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war.

6. The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
   But his sagacious eye an inmate owns.

7. I am His Highness' dog at Kew;
   Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

8. The dachshund, Geist, their little friend.

9. The tither was a ploughman's collie,
   A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
   Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
   And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him.

10. Now the Peke, although people may say what they please,
    Is no British Dog, but a Heathen Chinese.

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BOOK OF THE WEEK

High Noon for Human Courage

"The Big It," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. *(Houghton Mifflin. 177 pp. $3.50), is a collection of stories which recreate the life of the American West. William Eastlake is a New Mexican rancher besides being the author of the novel "The Bronc People."*

By William Eastlake

ONE OF the finest collections of short stories in recent years is A. B. Guthrie, Jr.'s "The Big It." This excellent book is not an assortment of "Western" stories, as the publishers have implied, for Guthrie is no more a "Western" writer than Melville was an Eastern writer or Hemingway a Spanish writer. True, the West provides the locale, but what a difference between these tales and those of Zane Grey and the host of TV scriptwriters! Guthrie's stories illustrate that good writing is universal, transcending the limitations of a particular place.

The stories can be divided into two groups: those of courage, physical and moral, and those of fierce humor. "Old Mother Hubbard," "First Principal," "Bargain," "Mountain Medicine," and "Last Snake" all display aspects of human courage. In them Guthrie presents the sensitive man, kind, understanding, tolerant, confronted by the raw shock of brutality. But Guthrie's men are not made of straw; he makes his brutality convincing; his people are familiar, men we have known, those who love war and the spurt of blood. Maniacs? Guthrie doesn't think so. They are our neighbors, peppered all over the earth.

But Guthrie's gentle characters are closer to us. Innocent, almost naïve, yet they are allowed by the author to cope, to survive, even to triumph. It takes an artist like Guthrie to depict them realistically. Very few writers will consider naked good and evil; they prefer to explore the shadings and shadows because they have been taken in by the cliché that good and evil do not exist in stark form. But Guthrie sees in black and white clarity. In his stories he tells where and how good and evil are to be found.

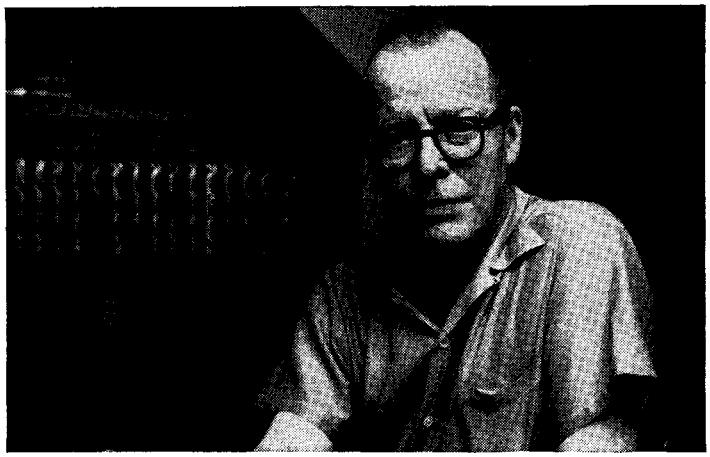
Many men of good will in this world come to the point where they are faced with evil in human form, when they cannot hide behind their stacks of books, their do-good philosophy, or their religion. They are out on a limb, all alone with nothing except courage, moral courage most times—and this is the highest form. Yet, in these stories when the situation calls for physical courage, the last resort of the desperate man, Guthrie artfully depicts characters equal to the occasion.

In contrast, we have the wild humor of Guthrie's other stories: "The Keeper of the Key," "The Moon Dance Skunk," "The Therefore Hog," and "The Big It." The first tale is the author at his best: here he depicts the destruction of life's rigid pattern. The basis of his humor is the triumph of the irrational, the illogical, the whimsical, whether the protagonist is a man, as in "The Keeper of the Key," or an animal, as in "The Big It." Guthrie uses a scalpel but the emotional impact he achieves is that of a sledge hammer, yet his humor is akin to Mark Twain's.

It is a sad commentary on our time that some of the finest stories in this book were rejected by our magazines. One of them, "Ebbie," was relegated to *Southwestern Review*, an excellent publication of limited circulation. To quote Guthrie: "I suffered over some of these and found small, if any, market for them."

However, it is not too late. Read this valuable book.

(*Fiction Reviews continued on page* 32)



The Author Comments on the Review

IT'S TRUE that many of the stories in "The Big It" never found a market in magazines. Granted the possibility that they just weren't good enough, it still remains that the sun of the article stands at high noon. Write a how-to or a how-come piece, an article on "I Made Love to a Gorilla" or "The Lesson of a Drippy Nose" and you've got the editor's attention. This trail, blazed by the *Reader's Digest*, is thick with followers. The result: scant space for fiction.

In following the course of these stories from one magazine to another some revealing editorial comments came my way. A "quality" magazine rejected "Ebbie," saying that the magazine's formula would not provide space both for it and the two happy stories essential to a balanced mood. Another editor wrote that the hero of "Bargain" could not be a poisoner, no matter what the provocation. Presumably a six-shooter would have met the moral standard. One story, which had been banging around for eight or nine years, found a taker only after I had sent in the collection for publication as a book. The story was the same but I had changed the title from "Prize Fight" to "Independence Day." The new title seemed to me to illuminate the text more fully. The editors, who had seen the piece before, obviously agreed.

Are editors just guessing, or don't people read short stories? Have we lost, as readers, the imagination that fiction calls upon us to exercise? One group thinks we haven't, thinks editors are wrong. They plan to re-establish the old *Story* magazine. The outcome will be interesting and may well ring a change.

—A. B. GUTHRIE.

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Open Letter to the German People

IN A REPRESENTATIVE society the government speaks for the people, who hold the ultimate power. Hence this letter. It now becomes important and necessary for you to consider an injustice which is being committed in your name.

Nine months ago a group of Polish ladies known as the Ravensbrueck Lapins returned to their country after living with American families for several months. While in the United States, they received medical or hospital treatment. Their disabilities are the result of medical and surgical experimentation performed on them at the Ravensbrueck concentration camp during World War II. We are dealing here with documented history, not with random accusation. The facts were established at the Nuremberg trials. The doctors who forced these Catholic girls to serve as experimental animals did not try to refute the evidence; they claimed they acted as servants of the Nazi government.

In 6,000 years of written history, there is no other instance of a government conducting widespread, systematic, forced medical experimentation. It is possible, however, that this particular episode could now be considered closed. But it cannot, because Germany is not now meeting its obligations to these victims. The injustice continues in another form. And that is the purpose of this letter.

Some background may be in order.

Quite properly, the German government at Bonn has declared itself to be the legitimate successor of previous governments in Germany. Thus, it has assumed obligations of its predecessor regimes and also has laid claim to property that was taken away from Germany before the Bonn government came to power. For example, the U.S. Alien Property Custodian holds millions of dollars' worth of property seized from German nationals in this country during World War II. The Bonn government has been pressing for the return or restitution of all such property.

Similarly, the Bonn government has also paid many millions of dollars in the form of compensation or pensions or both to concentration camp victims. Yet the Ravensbrueck victims of medical and surgical experimentation have not been given compensation or pensions. The Bonn government has argued that since it does not recognize the Polish government, it has no way of dealing with its citizens.

WHEN the Polish Ladies were brought to the United States toward the end of 1958, the American sponsoring group asked Bonn that it be recognized as their legal representative. Since Bonn and Washington maintained diplomatic relations, there was no bar in the way of dealing with the Polish Ladies in the United States through Americans whom they had chosen as their spokesmen.

The Bonn government agreed. Discussions with the representatives of the German Embassy staff in Washington were amicable and promising. Nothing tangible happened, however, until the closing days of the Polish Ladies' stay in the U.S. They visited Washington and attended a session of the Senate. There they heard tributes to themselves by almost a dozen Senators. They also visited the White House at the invitation of Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Two days later, a letter from the German Embassy in Washington was received by the editor of *SR*, acting as chairman for the sponsoring group. With the letter was a check for $27,000 to be paid toward the medical expenses for twenty-seven of the thirty-five ladies in the United States. An additional $8,000 was also promised, to be sent as soon as copies of the medical records of the remaining eight Ladies were forwarded to the German Embassy.

The letter accompanying the check explained that while the check was in the nature of a contribution to the medical side of the project, the German government was giving urgent and renewed consideration to the matter of pensions and compensation, as requested by the Polish Ladies. (In dealing with concentration camp victims of other countries, Germany had paid sums in excess of $5,000, plus pensions in a number of cases. The Polish Ladies had asked similar consideration.)

A special meeting of the American committee was held to consider the disposition of the $27,000 check. Since all medical expenses had been met, it was decided to turn the entire check over to the Polish Ladies. In turn, the Ladies said they did not wish acceptance of the check to foreclose or compromise in any way their basic claim for pensions and compensation. A decision was then made to put the money in escrow and press forward with the main request.

This decision was communicated in a letter thanking the German Embassy for its contribution. The medical records of the eight remaining Lapins were forwarded as requested. In addition, the letter expressed gratification that the Bonn government was giving urgent and renewed consideration to the basic claims.

All this transpired nine months ago. The Ladies returned to Poland; the German Embassy has not been heard from since. Repeated letters to the German Embassy have gone unanswered and unacknowledged. Even on the relatively small matter of the $8,000 which had been promised on receipt of the medical records, not a word or sign has been given.

This is where the matter now stands. It is difficult for us to believe that your government was willing to take action only when prominent attention was focused on the original crime, as happened when the Ladies visited Washington. It is also difficult to believe that your government, again prosperous and powerful, intends to keep alive the old injustice. We are not in a position to answer these questions. You may wish to press the matter. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MUSICAL NUMBERS GAME?

N.C.'s EDITORIAL, "It Looks Pretty on the Outside" [*SR*, Feb. 6], has finally driven me to writing to an editor.

First let me say that I heartily endorse your plea for quality, your plea for recognition of the internal function versus the glorification of the facade, your plea for people first and objects second.

But why did you have to illustrate an otherwise stirring appeal by a series of factual and technical inaccuracies regarding the new Philharmonic Hall in Lincoln Center?

The yardstick to which the new Philharmonic Hall was designed—from the inside out and not from the outside in, as you suggest—was to find the equation which would provide maximum number of seats, optimum acoustical properties, and the most congenial setting in which great music could be heard perfectly.

Into such an equation, there inevitably entered a number of conflicting elements—the very new "science" of acoustics, New York City's Building Code, the fascinating fact that the American derrière is larger and the American legs are longer than they were fifty years ago, the experience obtained from a large number of halls, here and abroad.

Let's discuss acoustics for a minute. The foremost witnesses for my admittedly oversimplified statement that acoustics is a new, inexact, and in certain respects unknown, science would be today's top acoustical engineers. The reason is that acoustics, in terms of scientific measurement, and acoustics in terms of Joe and Josephine Doakes sitting in a concert hall, can be two totally different things. To the engineer, audience psychology means nothing; to the audience, the scientific measurement of "reverberation time" is mumbo-jumbo. There is one Eastern Seaboard concert hall consistently rated acoustically tops by both artists and audience which according to scientific acoustical criteria should be at the bottom of the pile. And vice versa. . . .

Thus, if the matter had been left strictly in the hands of the acoustical engineers, the new Philharmonic Hall, to be acoustically perfect, would probably have wound up with a seating capacity of between 1,800 and 2,000. This was obviously impossible, and therefore some acoustical compromise was essential.

The next and most obvious comparison point was Carnegie Hall, with a good but not perfect acoustical rating, and containing 2,760 seats. Here is where the Building Code and the "bigger and better American" comes in. The cubic volume of Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall is very close to that of Carnegie Hall. Yet, if Carnegie Hall were to be rebuilt today according to present-day Building Codes, particularly the paragraphs relating to the permissible vertical steepness of balconies, Carnegie Hall's capacity would shrink from 2,760 to about 2,370. And if besides, the necessary allowance for the "larger American" were to be made in seat size and spacing, a duplicate of Carnegie Hall built today to the same standards of safety, comfort, convenience, and acoustics as Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall might have a capacity as low as 2,300 seats.

"All right, so he's a Martian, but he's a fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year Martian."

Now as to the music press's holy of holies, London's Royal Festival Hall, it would be a great help if you gentlemen could get your statistics straight. A few weeks ago the *New York Herald Tribune*, in an editorial, allotted 3,000 seats to the Royal Festival Hall. You give it 3,200. By next week it will probably be up to 3,500.

As a matter of fact, *repeat fact*, if the seating capacity of the Festival Hall is calculated on the same basis as that of either Carnegie Hall or the new Philharmonic Hall, it turns out to be 2,678. It is only when you add the 256 seats installed behind the stage and the 202 temporary seats occasionally placed on the stage for certain recitals, that you achieve a figure of over 3,000.

I am curious to know what particular kind of class warfare you thought you were promoting by your statement, "Nor do the announced plans provide a special gallery for students or people of modest means." If you mean some specially labeled paupers' section, the answer is "certainly not"—and neither does Carnegie Hall or the present Metropolitan, or any other hall in the United States. If you mean, "Will the new Philharmonic Hall contain low-price seats for the use of students and people of modest means?" the answer is "certainly and obviously yes."

Finally, as to the new Philharmonic Hall itself. It is news to us on the Board of Lincoln Center that the 2,500-seat capacity of the new Philharmonic Hall is a final figure. Architects, acoustical engineers, managers, musical directors, and board members are hard at work this very moment in an attempt to add at least 100 and perhaps more seats without impairing musical quality or audience comfort. My personal guess is that the final figure will be closer to Carnegie's 2,760 than to your assumed 2,500.

Wouldn't it be a good thing all around if we stopped playing the numbers game, and concentrated on informing the people of the City of New York that Lincoln Center will provide, both qualitatively and quantitatively (because of year-round use) the greatest setting for the performing arts, both inside and outside, that has ever been assembled and erected in the history of the world?

C. D. JACKSON.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The figure on the seating capacity of the Royal Festival Hall was supplied by the British Information Service and checked by the Music Division of the New York Public Library. The figure on the projected seating capacity of the Lincoln Center Philharmonic Hall is contained in a pamphlet distributed by Lincoln Center. In any event, Mr. Jackson's letter makes it clear that the question of the seating capacity is still an open one. We welcome this fact. Indeed, we welcome his letter as a whole. What he says is reassuring; we like its spirit.*

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Desert Song

DESERTS HAVE always stirred within me images of the Foreign Legion in caps with draperies attached; of choruses tramping the boards of the Casino Theatre singing "The Riff Song"; and of that memorable picture of Marlene Dietrich—was it she?—tossing off her pumps and following her Legionnaire across the sands towards a setting sun. With a little imagination and a lot of pink paint, however, it is amazing just how comfortable a desert can be made. Palm Springs is about as outstanding a case in point as I can think of, for the local riffland is upholstered with eleven golf courses, 1,700 swimming pools, and Jolie Gabor, who runs a trade post embossed with a mural of herself and the other three Gabor ladies. I hesitate to call them her daughters for, as she herself says, "Don't think of me as a mother, dolling. Even the girls never call me that."

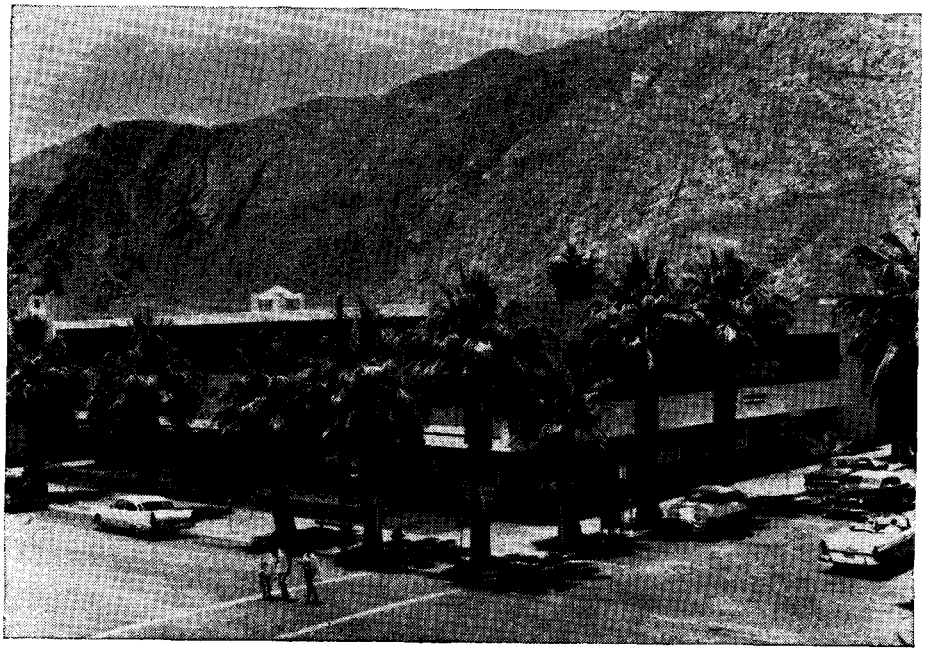
Like the rest of the shops that have been set up here for the convenience of the passing pioneers, the Gabor emporium is located behind a wrought-iron crown—*noblesse oblige,* dolling—on Palm Canyon Drive, a boulevard whose 2,000 palm trees line both sides of the street and function, as well, as living lampposts. Among the other merchants on the street, there is Alan Ladd, who operates a hardware store, and Andrea Leeds, a star of other days, whose swank jewelry store is a sort of cactus Cartier's. Desi Arnaz runs a motel, and Claudette Colbert, Burns and Allen, and Lauren Bacall are all partners in a trailer camp called Blue Skies. Summoning the courage of the fur trading post that Astor launched at the mouth of the Columbia, and the dauntlessness displayed by the Hudson's Bay Company, the Saks Fifth Avenue people have lately opened their own Palm Springs branch. Truth to tell, the untamed desert begins immediately outside their plate glass windows.

VIRTUALLY all the *emporia* that normally do business in the centers of California population have opened branches under the palms of the springs. There are, as well, three places that deal exclusively in the pruning and preening of poodles, a parlor that sells mince pie ice cream, and a nightclub constructed of purple bricks. Quite the newest establishment, which has been built for the care and comfort of the prospectors, is the Palm Springs Spa, a bathhouse which is air conditioned against outside temperatures as high as 115 degrees and which cost $2 million to knock together.

The Spa has been constructed over the springs from which the settlement got its name. Water comes bubbling up to the surface naturally heated to 104 degrees, a phenomenon long known to the Indians of the Agua Caliente tribe, who indeed own the fountainhead and lease it at $36,000 a year plus a percentage against a minimum guarantee. A shrine to the Indian culture stands at the entrance, and bathers on their way to getting boiled, albeit the hard way, will tread across a bridge that arches over a pool constantly filled by the waters bubbling up from their underground source. The ladies' area has been done in soft shades of pink, blue, and purple which will blend nicely with the hues of the customers once they get in the swim. There are saunas for baking oneself Finnish style, salt rub showers, Swirlpools, dry heat rooms, and, at the end of it all, an armory of pink settees where the girls can sleep it off. Similar arrangements, less the pink, have been provided for men. Tourist-class bathing privileges have been provided for the public in a large open immersion pool in the back lot, where immersing costs $1.50 and there is no limit on how long one poaches oneself.

THE Indians, who own considerable property around the city—one member of the tribal council lives in a house just across the street from Jerry Lewis—had been taking the sun and the waters at Palm Springs for centuries before the purple bricklayers arrived. Members of the Shoshonian linguistic family, they are Cahuillas. The Agua Caliente band, one of two bands of Cahuillas, now number ninety-seven. Besides the springs, they also have title to a number of the canyons in the neighborhood, through which they have established a toll road. Billboards invite the traveler to explore the canyons, which are washed by waterfalls, and to picnic under the huge Washingtonia palms which grow huge beige beards of dried fronds. Not the least of the customers have been the movie colonies, encamped as they are in Hollywood, 105 miles away. The waterfall at Tahquitz Canyon, spilling sixty feet over a granite face, last appeared in "Lost Horizons." Small-sized sightseers visit it now aboard a burro train that departs from South Palm Canyon Drive.

Although the Spaniards spread all over the Colorado Desert, as the area is called, few Indians, as late as 100 years ago, had ever seen a white man. The first U.S. Government party, surveying for a railroad right of way, threaded through the passes in 1853 and made what is credited to be the first modern discovery of Palm Springs. The baths were there but there wasn't a pink settee in sight. A trail was laid out leading to the gold strike along the Colorado, and the first stage out of San Ber-



Palm Springs—With a little imagination and a lot of pink paint, even a desert can be comfortable.

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why gourmets go to Europe in spring!

In Spring, good living is at its height in Europe! The clear, fresh weather gives people enormous appetites. (In some European countries they eat 4 or 5 meals a day!) Spring's the time for delicious young veal and brook trout. It's the season for new asparagus, sweet wild strawberries, and tiny, delicate peas. And your bill at the end is the most pleasant surprise of all. So, order the best in the house! And savor Europe *slowly*. Stay longer—you'll enjoy it more! See your travel agent *now!* For full information on each country in which you're interested, write:

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In nature craftsmen find the stimulus for decoration

In the realm of creature comforts it is decoration which elevates the purely functional to art. And the craftsman in search of motif mostly turns to nature for inspiration.

Since the beginning of civilized living, designers of furniture have looked to the natural forms about them to serve as models for their carved adornments. The shell—naturally sculpted emblem of the sea—has inspired many generations of craftsmen seeking to embellish their handiwork.

Science has also turned to nature to find in its intricate chemistry the means of serving man's physical well-being, just as the artist has used nature's outward forms for man's aesthetic gratification.

The hundreds of scientists at Shell are dedicated to the creative task of finding the petroleum that nature has hidden in the earth and perfecting it into chemical and petroleum products that perform better, last longer and cost less. Millions know these products by the sign of the familiar shell.

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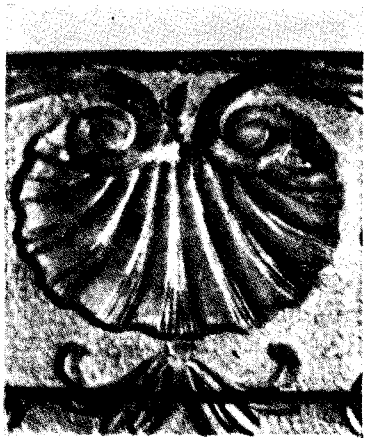
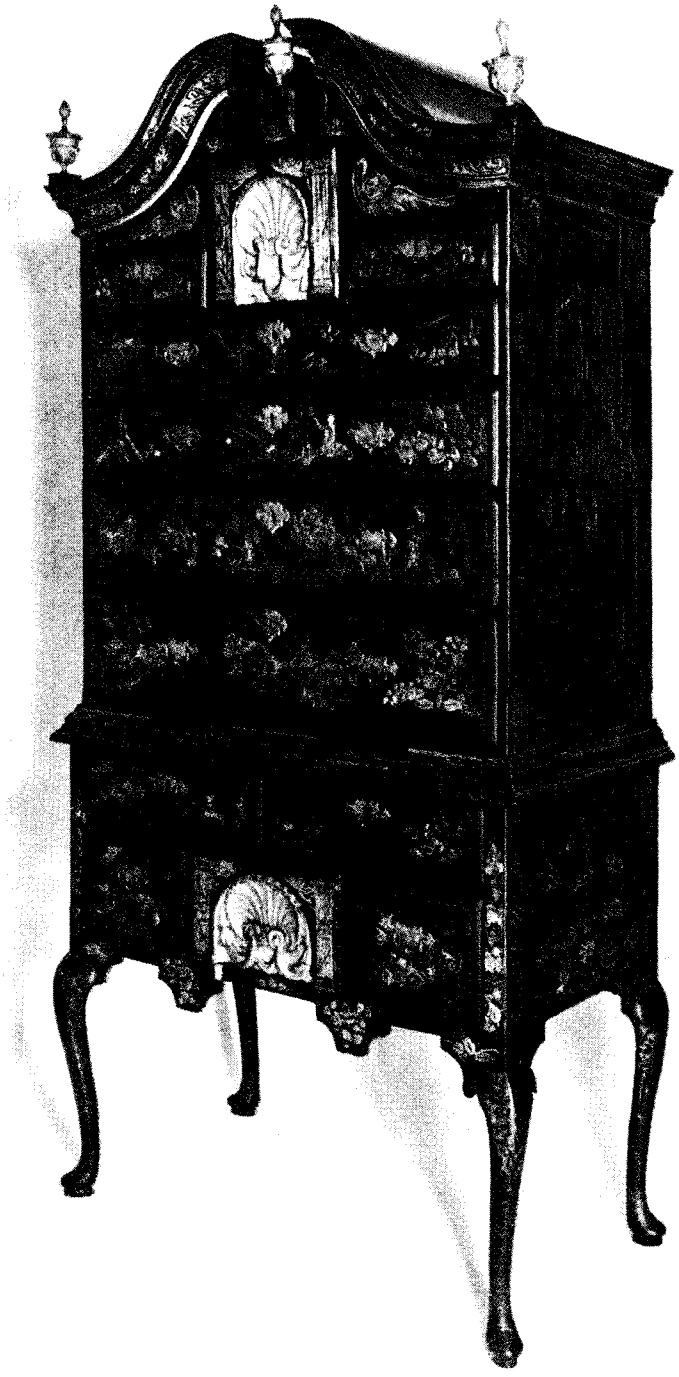


◀ English settee, 1720-1730, wood gilded and decorated in gesso. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, Fletcher Fund 1924.

American, 1735 highboy, maple and white pine with japanned decoration, gold on black. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, Joseph Pulitzer Bequest 1940. ▶



The Shell Companies

Shell Oil Company
Shell Chemical Company
Shell Pipe Line Corporation
Shell Development Company
Shell Oil Company of Canada, Ltd.

SHELL

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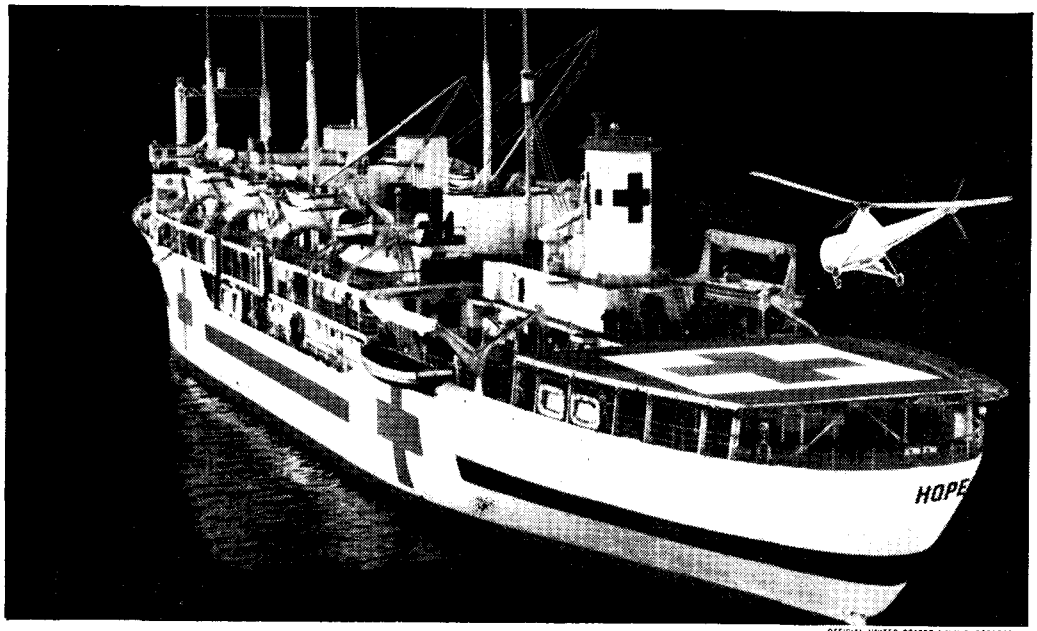
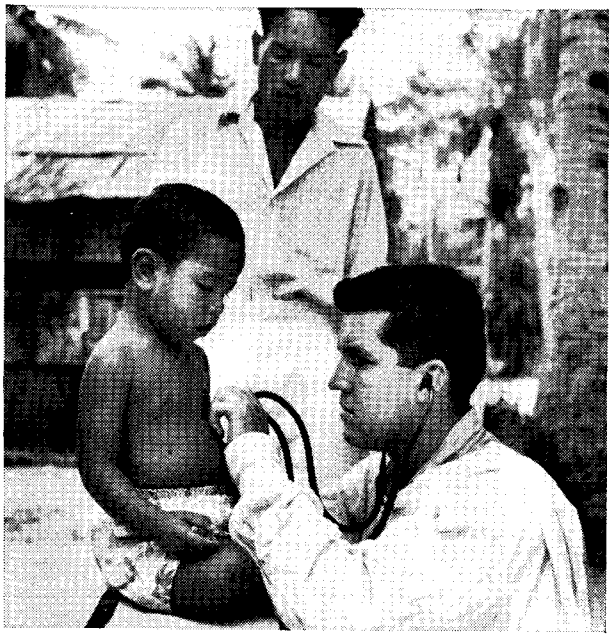


OFFICIAL UNITED STATES NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

This great seaborne health center will carry a new kind of aid abroad—*with your help.* Part of the people-to-people project Hope, it will enlist 200 specialists in sharing our health skills.

Ambassador with a blackboard, the Hope specialist will help the often woefully few local medical technicians train helpers. The result: many more hands. And that means one Hope dollar is multiplied many times over.

YOUR HELP CAN COME BACK A HUNDRED TIMES OVER



One local doctor for 100,000 people. These are the odds Hope may face. Yet Hope can mean so much. The health of this child. The health of five Indonesians. *Trained* hands and only a dollar's worth of penicillin can cure them of crippling yaws.

If enough of us help, the S.S. Hope will be outbound in 1960. First port of call: Indonesia. A bold health project called Hope will be underway.

The need is crucial. Many places, too many health hazards exist. Too many people robbed of the will to live. Too few hands to help. Often, a doctor for 100,000.

Hope's approach is *practical.* Help where a nation's doctors ask help. Help them help themselves to health. By training, upgrade skills—multiply hands. Hope's doctors, dentists, nurses, and technicians will man a center complete to 300-bed mobile unit and portable TV

You can not only make every dollar do the work of many, you can earn a priceless dividend. With health comes self-respect. People at peace with themselves are less likely to war with others.

Hope is *yours* to give. It's a people-to-people project. For one year's worth, 3½ million Americans must give a dollar. Don't wait to be asked. Mail a dollar or more now to HOPE, Box 9808, Washington 15, D.C.

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nardino was hijacked on the return run, the owner and driver murdered, and $5,000 in gold dust removed. There was no regular service for another five years.

The railroad came in 1877, trundling over the desert on its way to the sea, but the first white settlers didn't arrive until 1884; they were Judge John McCallum and his tubercular son. McCallum bought huge stretches of land from the railroad and spent $60,000 to build an aqueduct that would irrigate fruit trees and alfalfa. Behind him came Dr. Walwood Murray who bought a piece of McCallum's newly acquired land, and in 1886 opened the Palm Springs Hotel with room for twenty-six. In 1909 a Mrs. Nellie Coffman returned for her second visit, bought a house and less than two acres of land, and, laying down $2,000 as a down payment, began the Desert Inn Hotel. The Palm Springs Museum has a letter from the widow of Robert Louis Stevenson describing her stay at the Desert Inn, where life in a tenthouse with full board cost $20 a week, and "if necessary meals will be carried to the tent on a tray." Said Mrs. Stevenson, "If I had only known of Palm Springs in my Louis's time." In 1955 Nellie's son Earl sold the Desert Inn for $2,000,000. The buyer was Marion Davies and she owns it to this day.

WHEREAS the Desert Inn grew to a great property from a remodeled home, the El Mirador sprang full-blown with all the comfort and elegance that three-quarters of a million dollars could buy in 1927. It had its own golf course, its own airport with regular service by Maddux Airlines, a forerunner of TWA. It also had its own mortgage and its share of everybody's depression. The golf course, the first built in Palm Springs, disappeared and so did the airport. The army swallowed the hotel during the war, filled it with Pacific war wounded. In 1952, it reopened with tennis courts, a putting green, cabanas circling an Olympic pool, and thirty-five housekeeping cottages circling twenty-one acres of lawns, gardens, palms, and eucalyptus. A day in its rooms can cost anywhere from $16 to $100. A face-lifted grande dame of the flapper era, it looks nothing at all like the Riviera, which opened last October. The late Fifties model sparkles with gilt and satin and has murals and carpeted flying runways. The minimum rates are about the same.

Motel is a word that is not mentioned in Palm Springs, but it has many double-decker air-conditioned, pool-equipped hotels that might, were they located elsewhere, be called motels. Desi Arnaz's place, Indian Wells, rather resembles a motel, an assessment which I'm sure he won't enjoy, but no deprecation is intended. Its rooms, which cost anywhere from $16 to $75 a day, depending upon the suite and the season, overlook the Indian Wells Country Club. As at all private golf courses, homesites are for sale along the fringes of the fairway, a new mode of life which has grown popular in California. Home ownership on a course comprehends club membership, and initiation fees out here run as high as $10,000. At that, the new El Dorado, where the President has played (and sliced his opening drive into a grapefruit grove), is already closed to California membership. Rich out-of-staters, however, are still welcome. Among the home owners at the posh Thunderbird Club, once a restricted circle, are Lucy and Desi Arnaz, Phil Harris and Alice Faye, Hoagy Carmichael, and Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford. The Tamarisk Club, a green expanse grown from sand by golfers who were not welcome at Thunderbird, is now lined with homes owned by Sinatra, Danny Thomas and Harpo, Zeppo and Gummo Marx.

Desert golf carts—eleven courses, 1,700 pools, and Jolie Gabor.

FROM El Dorado, where the twelve-foot doors open automatically when someone appears before them, the President flew by helicopter to other courses in the Palm Springs area. New this year is the layout down the pike at La Quinta, where he has stayed. Fifteen miles from Palm Springs, La Quinta is all by itself, tucked away in a corner of the desert. Its red-tile-topped white haciendas are spread over thirty-five acres of gardens and it has its own tennis courts and a heated pool, which are fitted between a grapefruit grove and a date orchard. The purple mountains are all around and for that matter so are the datelands. Indio, date capital of America, whose progenitors stole the first cuttings from the Arabs of North Africa, is seven miles away. Once a year—just about this time, come to think of it—Indio stages a date festival, with the waitresses in the local restaurants dressed up like Salome, and the young blades competing against each other in camel races. Date milkshakes are mixed any day of the year, and some places sell black date ice cream and date crystal sugar along with free lectures on the date's sex life. One motel, pool and all, is nestled right under the palms, with the dates billing and cooing in the branches above. Grapefruit is frequently grown alongside the dates and two dollars will buy a bagful three feet high. Lemons the size of grapefruit sell for a quarter.

Eisenhower has in the past also stayed at Smoke Tree Ranch, a private preserve on the edge of Palm Springs village which contains both home owners (called colonists in the ranch patois) and visitors who come just for a winter vacation. To spend $17 a day, full board, transient visitors must be nominated by a colonist and then pass a five-man board of review. Once on the premises guests live in bungalows out on the desert, get a wooden clothespin with their name on it which henceforth, attached to a napkin, will tell them with whom they shall sit for the next meal. For the main course each guest carries his own plate into the kitchen where a chef ladles out the evening's ration. Breakfast is served, not dispensed, but only until nine o'clock. Home-owning colonists must agree not to probe for oil on their land, not to train dogs, nor keep goats or hogs. Among those who have so agreed are Walt Disney and George Murphy, the actor turned political convention impresario. Stuart Symington once owned a Smoke Tree home, but he sold it and quit the reservation. He's the only Democrat in history ever to have been a member.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Trial of a Salesman

FRIEDRICH DUERRENMATT'S new novella, "**Traps,**" (Knopf, $1.25), upon which the play "**The Deadly Game**" is based, is a distinguished and highly effective addition to this exciting new writer's work. It spins the story of a traveling salesman who by chance must stay overnight in a small Swiss town. Because the inn is full, he is obliged to seek lodgings in a private home. The first door he knocks at is opened by a retired judge, who hospitably takes him in and invites the salesman to have dinner with him and a few other retired jurists. The promised boredom of such a dinner is relieved when the host explains a game the jurists have invented in which visitors are put on trial.

The salesman accepts the invitation to be the defendant and goes into a preliminary conference with his defense counsel, who advises him to choose a crime he *has* committed, such as the ordinary business crime of fraud. He explains that "innocence doesn't matter one way or the other," that "tactics are what count." And he wisely points out that a client who maintains he has committed no crime lives with the greater danger of being charged with a crime he may be tactically unprepared to deal with.

Nevertheless, the salesman insists that he knows of no crime he has committed and he faces the prosecutor confidently over the hors d'oeuvres. The game then proceeds informally over a sumptuous supper, and while the defendant has a few ominous moments in which he senses the terror of imminent capital punishment, he also finds himself becoming increasingly exhilarated at the idea that he has actually committed a premeditated murder so cleverly that he could not be punished for it by the law. Indeed, he is furious when his defense counsel maintains that his client "is not capable of a culpability that is great and pure and proud; is not capable of a resolute deed, an unequivocal crime; is not a criminal but a victim of the age, of our Western civilization, which, alas, has fallen farther away from Faith, from Christianity, from universals, succumbing more and more to the rule of chaos, so that the individual no longer may look up to a guiding star, and in place of order and true morality, disorder and immorality reign, the law of the jungle prevails."

The salesman is happy when the judge, who admits that a straightforward verdict of premeditated homicide is not altogether justified, nevertheless hands down the death sentence so as not to disappoint the visitor.

Then, in the spirit of happy good fellowship, they all retire for the evening. But the wine and the exaltation have been too much for the salesman. To the chagrin of the playful and goodhearted old men, he hangs himself.

"Traps" is beautifully written, with Mr. Duerrenmatt's usual sense of irony and with devastating analysis of modern man's relationship to society ("he shares in the ethical indifference of the world in which he functions"), and his pursuit by the eternal gods of absolute justice. Every step of the way the author is able to make his fantastic plot emerge reluctantly from a credible and ordinary course of events: a friendly dinner, a harmless pastime, and an unthinking man suddenly stimulated into taking the discovery of his new identity too seriously. The game of reality is too strong for human beings, and at the end of the book we see the old men sad and reproachful that the salesman has spoiled the game that they had so joyously played the night before.

The playwright-adapter, James Yaffe, has attempted to make this story into a thriller, and has represented absolute justice as a more deliberate force. His retired old men are a self-constituted kangaroo court who lie in wait for passers-by, persuade them to play their game, and in some not fully explained way carry out their sentence. While this is an obvious desecration of the original, Mr. Yaffe has added some good things of his own.

To make the play more pertinent to us, he has changed his salesman from Swiss to American. His Mr. Trapp is full of a typical brashness, as he thrives on the legally and socially condoned immoralities of big business. Like Oedipus, he willingly enters into the game because he does not know of any crime for which he can be legally prosecuted. Also like Oedipus, he is too proud of his personal success. When he is given a chance to quit the game in the middle, he defies danger, saying, "Hell, I never lost a game in my life." (Is Mr. Yaffe suggesting here that a country that has never lost a war may be in for a greater catastrophe than the ones that have?)

Mr. Yaffe has also heightened a few ironies, such as the contrast between the old men's benign appearance and their ruthless dedication to justice. This allows him to suggest that perhaps any man who believes in an idea and does everything in his power to carry it out is insane. And he has written a couple of marvelous outbursts for the play's star, Pat Hingle. Mr. Hingle gets terrifying voltage into his premature ridiculing of the old men's serious game as he asks them mockingly why they don't put it on the market as a game for children. For Claude Dauphin, who plays the role of the gay defense counsel, he has not only created twinkling little excursions, but has also found a true pathos in a speech in which he points out that his client is not guilty of any conscious crime but that rather he, like most of us, merely has moved in disorder from one selfishness to another.

But the road to "Arsenic and Old Lace" and to "The Visit" cannot run parallel too long, and Mr. Duerrenmatt begins to swerve away every time Mr. Yaffe underlines the point that the old men in some not fully explained way are able to carry out their sentence. A forbidding butler who uses force on Mr. Trapp when he tries to leave is a patently melodramatic device foreign to the spirit of the original story. Thus, at the end of the play the playwright half-bakedly resolves his problem by allowing Mr. Trapp to rush out of the house in terror and accidentally fall over a cliff. The last scene features another too familiar device, that of having a new unsuspecting victim arrive for another "game."

Wolfgang Roth's literal settings, with real fire in the fireplace and real snow falling outside the door, do not help either. However, a half portion of a very exciting and profound play is better than a full portion of tame triviality, and "The Deadly Game" is not only suspenseful, but at the very least should provoke you into reading Mr. Duerrenmatt's masterly novella.

SIDNEY Sheldon's new comedy, "**Roman Candle,**" derives its title from the following bit of dialogue: HE: "You're a Roman candle!" SHE: "Light me!" About all else you need to know is that the play is about extrasensory perception and that it makes the usual fun of Army small-mindedness in a plot that involves a secret missile project. The two plots meet briefly when a security officer decides to investigate the whole staff of the university where the pretty heroine teaches ESP. He says with fiendish anticipation, "Colleges are gold mines."

—HENRY HEWES.

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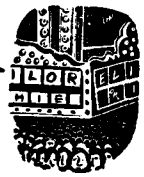

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Lights! Camera! Inaction!

NO SOONER have the ashes of last season's Broadway bonfires been hauled away than the torches are lit for their celluloid incarnation. Increasingly, moderately successful plays look to Hollywood to recoup their fortunes, just as Hollywood itself now looks to television. The difference is that Hollywood, in the light of negotiations currently in progress between the studios and the various talent guilds, must wait at least ten years before it can release its features to TV, whereas the Broadway producers generally have their movie deal wrapped up less than two weeks after first night.

That this haste is often unseemly is evidenced again by **"Once More, with Feeling"** (Columbia), based on the play by Harry Kurnitz. Since Mr. Kurnitz also wrote the screenplay, he is presumably satisfied with the results. His slender comedy about a tempestuous symphony conductor and his quondam wife receives the full treatment—top stars, strikingly handsome settings, gorgeous costumes by Givenchy, jewelry by Cartier, and the cleverest opening title designs yet displayed in this era of clever opening title designs. But for all its flashing accoutrements, and despite many genuinely funny lines (like the conductor's pep-talk to his orchestra: "We're not just playing Rimsky-Korsakov. We're out to beat him!"), the film emerges as pretty slimsy stuff. Everybody works frantically to inject *élan* into gelatine.

The hardest worker, beyond question, is Yul Brynner as the, metaphorically, long-hair conductor. He smiles, he glowers, he rages, he coos, he races the entire gamut of emotions without once disclosing whether he is playing straight or farce. To one side is Gregory Ratoff, his manager, in a broad burlesque of the Russian impresario as enshrined in the comic books of a generation ago. To the other is the late Kay Kendall—cool, precise, delicately devastating in her every gesture and grimace. Surely her art deserved a better epitaph than this styleless, half-baked concoction. Nor are music lovers apt to be too beguiled by the proffered nibbles of "Les Préludes," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Ride of the Valkyrie," and similar chestnuts.

Running neck and neck with plays as a source of raw material (the adjective is *not* ill-advised) are the popular novels, particularly those in the "Peyton Place" tradition. And what could be closer than Charles Mergendahl's **"The Bramble Bush"** (Warner Brothers), with its corroded New England town gaudily vivisected to reveal *illicit* loves, lusts, and a touch of insanity? For an added fillip, there is the question of euthanasia—not answered, merely raised. Here is another instance where the studios have mistaken pure sensationalism for true maturity. Certainly the problems set forth in the Milton Sperling-Philip Yordan screenplay are real and basic. Should a man, knowing he is about to die, try to interest his wife in another man? Does a doctor have the right to terminate the suffering of a patient who has at best a few more months to live? But when the doctor is also the other man, the possibilities for melodrama are all too obvious—and all too obviously the writers did nothing to avoid them. Daniel Petrie, new to films, adroitly guided Richard Burton, Barbara Rush, Angie Dickinson, and the other members of his cast around the script's deadlier pitfalls. He was unable, however, to conceal the fact that they existed.

The English not only seem to have a passion for re-creating World War II on the screen; they also have a great flair for it. Where our own people tend to use it as a simple background for high jinks and romance (or both; *vide* "Never So Few"), the British like to document an action in some detail, throwing in the love story almost as a lagniappe to those who would be going to the movies anyway. **"Sink the Bismarck!"** (Twentieth Century-Fox), for example, never does get around to letting Kenneth More declare that he loves Dana Wynter. The incurably romantic can read what they will into his offer to buy her breakfast at the end of the picture, but most of the time is spent in the bowels of British naval headquarters, plotting the strategy that eventually destroyed Hitler's mightiest floating fortress. And the rest is largely spent aboard the *Bismarck* herself, and the smaller British ships that brought her down. The sea action is superb, and the whole has the ring of naval authenticity one has come to associate with anything bearing the name of C. S. Forester, on whose book Edmund North based his taut screenplay.

ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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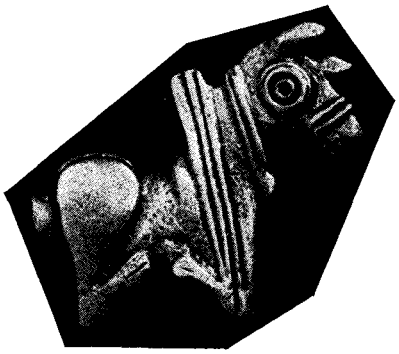

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TV AND RADIO

Escape from a Blind Alley

OF ALL THE proposals set forth before the Federal Communications Commission in its first series of hearings on the present state of television, the most significant and the least publicized was that of Dr. Paul Lazarsfeld. That whatever Paul Lazarsfeld has to say is significant is nothing new to those who know anything about research in the field of the mass media—over which he can truly be called the presiding genius. That what he said in this instance should have passed virtually unnoticed is a reproach to the profession of journalism.

In effect what Dr. Lazarsfeld said is: it is possible to set up workable standards of excellence.

No headline there? Consider the oddly divided intellectual background.

You have on one side John Doerfer, the chairman of the Commission, who brushes off every suggestion that the FCC not only has the power, but has been instructed by the Supreme Court to use its power, to enforce standards of excellence. He does this by asking who is to decide if Jack Gould and John Crosby disagree.

On the other side you have the philosophers and esthetes who remind us that you can have disputations about taste, but not laws.

In between you have angry defenders of the mass vote who want, angrily, to know what self-appointed group of (probably subversive) esthetic tyrants are going to tell the American people what's good and what isn't.

Together, these varying and indeed hostile groups have paralyzed those few people who want to encourage excellence without setting up an esthetic bureaucracy. They are the ones who know that for many years the precepts of the famous Blue Book, which spelled out the FCC's responsibility, have crumbled on the rock of censorship. The FCC is forbidden to censor, and consequently it cannot impose rules which apply to quality.

What Lazarsfeld offered was a common sense way out of this blind alley. He did not say that he knew how to find absolutes of excellence. He said that, given time (some five years) and a corps of trained minds, he would promise a sort of grading system acceptable to a vast majority of citizens—a majority so vast, in effect, that the dissenters would be in the exact sense of the word, inconsiderable.

I am not sure he can do it. I am not sure I would be satisfied with his grading system. But here we have a concrete proposal from the finest mind that has applied itself to the vexing and complicated problems of the mass media and, so far as I know, nothing will come of it. Instead, the FCC will probably encourage the industry to set up an intricate system by which it will judge itself and if, by any chance, it expels a member for bad manners, the FCC will step in as a stern but benevolent uncle to see that no injustice is done.

Dr. Lazarsfeld's proposal interests me because, apart from its concreteness and practicality, it implies a degree of public participation. Whatever grading system the experts can evolve will have to pass some test of public acceptance. Beyond that, it brings up a few secondary points.

One of its implications exposes the smartness and the vacuity of Mr. Doerfer's crack. The implication is that a consensus exists—in other words, what has the FCC done when all the Goulds and Crosbys *have* agreed, and when the sponsors have continued to create and the networks to broadcast what *all* the critics despised? Another, less obvious, implication is that the grading system will not be by A-B-C-D-E alone, but by exponents as well: so much of A, so much of B, and so on. For the standard of excellence of a single program is of far less significance than the standard of any program in view of how many of its sort are offered and when and how many of another sort are kept off the air because too many of one sort are occupying the channels.

Almost all the talk about "a good program" has been invalidated by hunting for the abstraction in the single case. The extreme situation—which I for one accept—is that a broadcasting schedule of one degree of excellence—no matter how high it is—is not as useful in our society as one of varying degrees of excellence. The former we should all learn to take as uncritically, as gratefully, as we now accept whatever we get. From the latter we should learn discrimination—and exercise of the mind—without which all excellence tends to the very creation of apathy which, in so many cases, is now accepted as the definition of "the public interest."

—GILBERT SELDES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Rubinstein's Carnegie Farewell—Opera, Etc.

A PIANIST who played in Carnegie Hall for the first time in 1906 played there for the last time (pending totally unexpected developments) early in February, 1960. The hall was world-famous when he wasn't, and there could have been little reason, then, to suppose that blood and bones would outlast bricks, mortar, and steel. If they have, the only conclusion can be that the spirit of a man is sometimes more durable than his handiwork.

Artur Rubinstein made the occasion, in the pattern of life itself, both joyous and sad—joyous with the quality of his artistry, sad with the note of finality thus conveyed. There will be others, in weeks to come, who will combine their sense of personal separation from the surroundings to which they aspired from afar with the best artistry of which they are capable, in a spirit of hail and farewell. None, however, has had so long an association as Rubinstein, nor so close an affiliation with the many spirits now departed who made the hall the symbol it has become.

There was thus a kind of timelessness in his performances of Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata and Schumann's "Carnaval," a combination which his one-time mentor Paderewski favored for his return to Carnegie in 1925, after his years of absence in national service. One could imagine, too, echoes of Schnabel's Beethoven, or Rachmaninoff's "Carnaval." If his Beethoven was not Paderewski's or Schnabel's, his Schumann not Rachmaninoff's, it was because he has made Rubinstein a symbol of today's supremacy, as they did of yesterday's.

Such re-creation is not accomplished in a year, nor does it wither in a decade. It emerges from a life rich in thought, feeling, and experience, in which the music saturates the individual, rising to the surface when summoned. It was, perhaps, not surprising to hear the power, directness, and vitality of his "Waldstein," for this is music to challenge a lifetime's study of dramatic projection. But, to most minds, "Carnaval" is a young man's music, suggestive of youthful exuberance, unsophisticated enthusiasm, full-hearted belief in its romantic yearnings. More power to this peerless poet of pianism that he can still enter into its perpetually youthful world, and take us with him!

In his self-conducted tour, Rubinstein showed us that along with the flights of the "Valse Noble," the enthusiasm of "Coquette," the romantic yearnings of "Estrella," there are subtleties and refinements below the alluring surface. Absorbing plays of color, rich gradations of dynamics, sly dialogues of inner voices were searched out and made audible (as in "Reconnaissance" and "Valse Allemande") in a performance at once imperious and gracious, vivacious and profound. Wrong notes? A few. But so many wonderfully right ones.

The printed list, devoted otherwise to Albeniz (in memory of the composer's birth in 1860), Debussy, and Liszt, did not include anything of the composer with whom Rubinstein has been most closely identified in the public mind. But the choice of "Carnaval" took care of this, with Schumann's affectionate likeness of "Chopin" (as one section is titled) mesmerizing the listener through its interplay of three personalities—the subject, his delineator, and their mutual interpreter. Finally, Rubinstein spoke briefly to the hall- and stage-filling audience, recognizing the finality of the occasion. Against their cries of "No, No," he pronounced his own valedictory with Chopin's A flat Polonaise.

VERDI'S "Macbeth," somewhat recast, was a more satisfying experience at its latest Metropolitan showing than earlier this year, or last. Some of the upsurge was traceable to greater cohesion in the orchestral-vocal partnership under Erich Leinsdorf's direction, especially in the powerful ensembles which have settled into a stability he can mold and shape. There was a gain, too, not only in the Banquo of Giorgio Tozzi, which, if it lacks the physical stature of Jerome Hines's, is a few notches more eloquent in his singing of the music, but also in the Lady Macbeth of Irene Dalis.

Miss Dalis is, of course, a mezzo rather than the dramatic soprano for which the role is written; hence "La luce langue" is transposed down, and she has to evade the top tone in the sleepwalking scene. But as a conception it is purposeful, integrated, and dramatically sound; the music projected with ease and assurance through her consistent-sounding range. She has power at the bottom to balance her sure top (the C in one ensemble was well sung, the unwritten D flat at the end of Act I omitted), and the picture she presents—non-glamorous, with black wig—is also promising.

Not so much could be said for the restoration, in the handsome scenic projection of Eugene Berman, of the later (but in some respects earlier) "Forza del Destino," the first performance in two seasons of Verdi's melodious tragedy. Leonie Rysanek's first Leonora was marked by some excellent singing in Scene 1, complemented by the fine sound of Richard Tucker's Alvaro. Her soaring top finds as natural an outlet in this role as it does in Verdi's Aïda and Lady Macbeth, though there are moments in the monastery ensemble when the holes and faults in her range are conspicuous. But Miss Rysanek's "cloak and dagger" appearance is much superior to the average soprano's. Mignon Dunn's Preziosilla also adds eye appeal to the small vocal opportunities of this version.

More significant than the other happenings (Fernando Corena encountered throat constriction in Act I and had to retire, with Gerhard Pechner replacing him as Melitone, while Ettore Bastianini was plainly hoarse in the battlefield scene, and barely audible in its closing moments) was the effort of Thomas Schippers as conductor of this work for the first time at the Metropolitan. Energy, drive, compulsion—these are all qualities which Schippers possesses in abundance, and valuable they are too. But it was an empty honor to place the fine overture between Scenes 1 and 2 (so that latecomers could disturb the singers but not the playing of Verdi's masterpiece), and then have it so thoroughly manhandled. The applause it aroused was considerable—but, then, so is that for "76 Trombones" at "The Music Man."

Other events included the first performances of two symphonies by reputable composers: Darius Milhaud's No. 8 ("Rhodanienne") by the Philadelphia Orchestra directed by Eugene Ormandy, and Carlos Chavez's No. 4 ("Sinfonia Romantica") by the Philharmonic under Leonard Bernstein. As the titles suggest, both might have been better served by not being described as symphonies. Milhaud's colorful cartography of his beloved Rhone River from its source in Switzerland to its mouth in the Mediterranean has flavor and imagery if not symphonic scope, and Chavez's has melodic flow of no common kind. Jennie Tourel was Bernstein's soloist in a quartet of well-sung Mahler songs, Eugene Istomin the associate of Ormandy in a poised performance of Beethoven's fourth piano concerto. The Philharmonic program ended with Philippe Entremont playing the Rachmaninoff piano concerto No. 2.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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A Breeze Bestirs the Becalmed

"The Sea Change," by Elizabeth Jane Howard *(Harper. 412 pp. $3.95), follows its characters' paths from London to New York and on to Greece. Virgilia Peterson comments on contemporary literature on the radio program "Books in Profile."*

By Virgilia Peterson

ELIZABETH JANE HOWARD seems to belong, by nature as well as by profession, among those British women writers whose trademark is their exacerbated sensibility. If the dean of these novelists, Virginia Woolf, achieved a collaboration of sense and sensibility as yet unmatched, her successors—most notably Elizabeth Bowen and Rosamund Lehmann—though less raw-nerved and more safely cushioned have the same passion for nuances. This peculiarly feminine contribution to the modern novel is the yardstick by which Elizabeth Jane Howard should be measured.

There are four major characters in Miss Howard's new novel, not one of whom, on the surface, could escape the charge of stereotype: the aging, successful playwright who fought his way up from a childhood slum; his beautiful, self-engrossed, ailing wife; the young man whom he rescued from an orphanage and trained to be his producer and his slave; and the Dorset vicar's wide-eyed, shabby daughter, who is to become the latest in a long line of secretaries (most of whom up to now the weary playwright has half heartedly possessed). At first glance these figures are so recognizable that the reader is tempted to believe that he knows about them all there will ever be to know. But it is a mistake to draw this conclusion. Long before the novel ends, Miss Howard has peeled away not only their familiar apparel, but also their pretenses and defenses, and has caused them to suffer such a sea change in their concept of themselves and one another that they become absorbingly unique.

For the reader who seeks unplumbed depths of human character the opening scene is discouraging. The playwright Emmanuel Joyce, his wife Lillian, and his devoted right-hand-man Jimmy have returned to their rented London house after an evening at the theatre, and Lillian has just gone upstairs to see why all the lights are on, when they hear her scream. By the time the two men reach her, she has fainted—and in the bathtub lies the unconscious, partly clad body of the secretary. All three participators in this shrill scene are more annoyed than grieved by the young woman's drastic gesture. The wife, not yet knowing whether her husband's secretary and mistress is dead, retires to her bed (as we are given to understand she always does from crises). The husband resorts (as we are given to understand he often does under human pressure) to a bottle of brandy. And Jimmy runs back and forth between the Joyces and the inert secretary in what is clearly his usual task of putting Humpty-Dumpties together again. With its rather crass sophistication, this introduction to "The Sea Change" affronts the uncommitted reader.

But soon the novel turns into something richer and stranger. It begins to change tone with the appearance in its pages of the fourth of the protagonists, the new secretary, named Alberta Young, chosen haphazardly by Lillian Joyce at a cocktail party, mostly because her unlikely, mousey appearance convinces Lillian that here is someone with whom Emmanuel can be trusted. Alberta is a genuine, dependable, and endearing Cinderella who blows up a fresh breeze in the story through her absolute incapacity to see the others as they do, but resolutely looks at them in the light in which they would like to be seen. Merely by being her unequivocal and touchingly honest self, Alberta disperses the shoddiness in which the Joyces and Jimmy have threatened to bog down. Unaware of having any effect on them whatever, she soon has them asking themselves who they are and where they are going. And from then on Miss Howard's novel, which sounded at first so much like a vocal exercise, begins to sing.

THIS is a contrapuntal story, told successively in the minds of the four leading characters. Starting in London, it moves to New York, to Athens, to a sunlit Aegean island, and back to Athens again, with unusually graceful descriptions of these places and with, despite its melodramatic start, very little external drama. The drama consists in the inability of these people to communicate with one another until they have learned to communicate with themselves; only when they have fathomed their own depths does the sea change in each occur. The two Joyces and Jimmy and Alberta are probably only transients in the world of the imagination, but Miss Howard swims more than adequately in the main stream of ultra-sensibility.

Absentee at the Altar of Agony

"Orphans in Gethsemane," *by Vardis Fisher (Alan Swallow. 987 pp. $10), brings the total of books in the author's monumental Testament of Man series to an even dozen. Literary critic Edmund Fuller is the author of "Man in Modern Fiction."*

By Edmund Fuller

FACED with customary space limitations, the reviewer stands in consternation before the bulk of "Orphans in Gethsemane." A substantial essay is required to grapple at all with its 987 large-format pages, its more than half a million words, its chaotic grab bag of tumbled ideas, its ferocious, impassioned striving for the truth about mankind.

With its subtitle, "A Novel of the Past in the Present," it is intended as the twelfth volume and capstone of Vardis Fisher's ambitious Testament of Man series. With it he rests his case. He has used the book to establish a link with his earlier Vridar Hunter tetralogy. That work was heavily autobiographical. Its recasting and extension in this volume is even more so. Such doubling back was inevitable, for the Testament of Man books grew from the author's conviction that the biography of even one man ultimately had to rest on the biography of the species. Having traced that long course, with a naïve sense of security and pride in having pondered well over 2,000 learned books and articles, Fisher now recasts the Vridar Hunter books. The four original volumes are revised and compressed into Part One, 533 pages, of "Orphans in Gethsemane." As fiction it is much the best part of the book. I still think the chilhood of Vridar explains more than the long Testament.

Part Two carries Vridar's life up through the completion of this novel, for in this final section Hunter and Fisher are synonymous. Of greatest interest to me are his detailed accounts of academic experiences (including a friend-

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ship with Thomas Wolfe at New York University), his embattled years as a dismayingly productive regional director of the Federal Writers' Project, and the troubled publishing history of this long Testament enterprise. Fisher invokes protective magic against myself and others by citing every past and anticipating every future slight that publishers or reviewers have heaped or may heap upon him. He answers us broadside and scouts us roundly. Fisher would be a nice man to visit but I certainly wouldn't want to live with him.

ADEQUATE philosophical exploration of this text is impossible. The author's faith is rooted in the deep furrows of cultural anthropology. He regards the Judeo-Christian theology and history as a disastrous misfortune responsible for our ills. To him most of us are: "The orphans, the unloved *as small children*, the wretched self-pitying emotionally arrested anxiety neurotics, striving for a place in the sun: the poor sad fatherless sons, kneeling to the immolation in the Christian and Judaic gethsemanes!" Fisher cites Edith Sitwell as saying she is weary and must surrender her will; then Vridar-Vardis, in Roderick Dhu stance, affirms: "I may die drunk or I may die insane but I won't surrender." Henley compressed the message into sixteen lines in "Invictus."

As artist Fisher has fallen into the messianic abyss. (There are some analogies to Frederick F. Manfred and Ayn Rand.) The remnants of the early fiction read like fiction. The rest is diatribe, in the hypnotized confidence that all the minutiae of his thoughts and emotions will be fascinating. Vridar says that ". . . only a few . . . are worth writing about . . . but . . . not enough readers want to read about the few . . . to give a writer a living at it." The clinical details of Vridar's marriages, the "telling-all" sessions, the assaults of lubricous women, the sexual preoccupations and bawdy jokes, the endless file-card gems of wisdom from his reading, become a mortal burden. Fisher seeks the heights of objectivity, but he totally lacks editorial sense.

Vardis Fisher—Uncompromising effort.

I am in utter disagreement with all of Fisher's philosophy, yet I respect him. He is alive, he is hard-working, he is courageous; he is expanding his talents unstintingly to try to answer the great questions that haunt him. He is not afraid of what will be thought of him. He has made a sustained and uncompromising effort that few men in our time can match.

There is room for a Vardis Fisher. It is bold of the publisher, Alan Swallow, to see through a project that cannot be sustained by the profit motive.

GOTHAM GOSSAMER: In his second novel, "**Julie**" (Simon & Schuster, $4.50), Bernard Frizell has written an old-fashioned book — old-fashioned because it assumes that there still exists in the United States an audience that reads novels for simple pleasure. Devoid of brutality, violence, neurotics, psychopaths, or doom-driven heroes, "Julie" is a book written out of the author's delight in the scenery of Manhattan, with a plot frail as a gossamer web upon which the characters sparkle like bright raindrops in the sun.

To summarize the story is almost as unfair as to summarize a novel by Colette, for the stuff of Mr. Frizell's story is much the same as the fragile matter worked by the great French storyteller: to wit, the tale of a young girl as she approaches a great and glittering city.

In Mr. Frizell's tale, the girl Julie (born Giuletta Jones), arrives in New York on a warm spring evening with body, mind, and spirit adequate to tempt the most jaded appetites; in seeking her career as a model, she soon tempts many and is tempted in turn by a motley parade of metropolitan characters. The duenna of a fashion house shows her what can be done with nature's equipment; a worldly cousin, Peggy, urges her on to experiment ("Cuckoldry," says Peggy, "why is everyone against it? For every person it makes miserable, it makes two people happy"); a marvelously eloquent and moody Czech photographer places her on the cover of *Life* magazine; a ruthless Wall Street operator finishes her education by establishing her in an apartment overlooking Central Park, only to discover in the end that Julie has learned more than he, or anyone else in the story, has taught her.

Told thus, the story moves charmingly, if familiarly, along. Yet it is graced by a strikingly perceptive observation of the tribal ways of New York City's *demimonde*, and, beneath the surface froth, a pensive reflection on all the myriad faces and forms that success may take in Babylon-at-the-Narrows.

It is this underlying reflection, often somber but never oppressive, that gives the book its interest as the reader follows Julie through to her triumph. For triumph, in Mr. Frizell's eyes, is the realization of one's own identity; and as Julie finally becomes her own Julie one realizes why Mr. Frizell has chosen as his epigraph Rousseau's enigmatic statement, "This person you take me for is not me."

—THEODORE H. WHITE.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY: A beautiful, four-mile-long valley in western New York state called "The Trough" serves as the setting for Richard Dougherty's first novel, "**A Summer World**" (Doubleday, $3.95). Here the youthful narrator, Alex Flynn, returns after his graduation from prep school, and here the tangled events of a single summer unfold, involving various temporary as well as permanent residents of the valley.

One of the difficult but fundamental tasks that every novelist faces is that of persuading us that his characters are the kind of people that he says they are: a "clever" woman must be given clever things to say; a dullard, without boring us, must be made to seem a dullard.

Mr. Dougherty does not usually succeed in this task. He would persuade us, for example, that one of his principal characters, Evelyn Montgomery, is a "supremely attractive and delightful woman," and then, in her very first scene, allows her to say, nonstop, to the narrator: "Most women are happy to sublimate their ambitions for themselves to the ambitions of their husbands . . . It is almost as if his more sharply focused drives were a necessary element in making it possible for her to gather together her own drives and make them somehow coherent." Whatever wisdom these words may contain, they do little to persuade us of the "attractions" and "delights" to be found in Mrs. Montgomery's company.

Mr. Dougherty is a former newspaperman, a fact to which his style bears witness. At best, he writes colloquially, and with an easy air; at worst, he uses clichés in abundance, and ruins some of his nicer effects with a careless word or an ill-chosen phrase.

—WILLIAM WISE.

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A Right to License the Licentious?

On community, state, and national levels the question of salacity in literature arises again and again—perhaps, as attorney J. S. Ehrlich points out in his foreword to ***"Pornography and the Law"*** *(Ballantine, 75¢), because "there is no legally workable definition of obscenity." How well the book's authors, Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen, have succeeded in clarifying the distinction between erotic realism and hard-core pornography is subject to dispute. In the comments below, Harvey Breit, as essayist and playwright, offers the opinion of a literary man, while Alan U. Schwartz, of the New York legal firm Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst, disagrees with the position taken by both Mr. Breit and Mr. Ehrlich.*

1. *Ends and Means*

By Harvey Breit

THE POSITION one takes on censorship turns out never to be simple. I, for one, do not care to defend "The Memoirs of a Russian Princess" or "The Autobiography of a Flea," but when fools, patriots, and matrons rush in to blame and ban, my recoil is harsh, my tendency is to demand absolute freedom. This is silly too (all "symmetrical" polemicists are silly) because it ignores too much: the social order, our very lives. We are forever exchanging freedoms. The search, as Father Courtney Murray puts it, is for a balance between freedom and restraint in society. Who will deny that Narcissus is dead?

Democracy assumes that freedom is the rule, restraint the exception; it posits that men and books are innocent until proven guilty. What is a guilty book? An obscene one. What is obscenity? The law is hardly clear on it. The Postmaster General declares D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover" harmful. What are the effects of such literature on the sensibility? Censors apparently see no difference between "Memoirs of Hecate County" and "Confessions of a Doctor," between "Tropic of Capricorn" and "The Lascivious Hypocrite." There are, of course, decisive differences, in ends as well as means, in content as well as design.

The most objective study of these problems I have seen is in a paperback, "Pornography and the Law," by Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen, a husband-and-wife team working in the field of psychology. Their approach to these inflamed questions is exemplary: serious but not solemn; fresh, amusing, and yet objective. Not quite like Don Quixotes, but with a wide-eyed belief in enlightenment, the authors explore the erotic routes taken by Mark Twain, Frank Harris, Edmund Wilson, Henry Miller, and D. H. Lawrence; and, in contrast to it, sojourn lightheartedly along the pebbly-crude paths of pornography.

What they come away with is of lasting, as well as of most immediate, significance—a viable, even dramatic, distinction between "hard-core obscenity" and "erotic realism." Obscene books *mean* to stimulate, sustain, and build up lascivious thoughts and lustful desires: it is their sole aim and their main object; they are essentially fairy tales, immature but not youthful; fantasies, in which every erotic whim can be satisfied with no intrusion of reality—without, really, the intrusion of truth and consequence. And while the erotically real book may, in certain passages, stimulate similar effects, just as, after all, perfumes and music and cosmetics do, its ends are multiple; even so monolithic a sexual novel as "Lady Chatterley's Lover" is unquestionably concerned more with human, social, and moral dilemmas than with erotic stimulation, concerned ultimately with man's totality and with a vision of what is true. Can anyone deny Norman Mailer's exacting and perilous engagements with truth even though some of his gunfire is frankly phallic? The point is that confusion of the old sort is no longer necessary; with this book the authors have simplified the problem, not only for judges and lawyers and censors, but for all puzzled readers and harrassed parents.

The attempt, with some small show of scientific backing, to prove a causal relationship between bad books and bad acts is dubious, dark, and probably absurd. I know of no substantial work that would lead me to think otherwise. Generally speaking, reading is a marvelous thing (can one call it a habit?) because it keeps people out of mischief and makes them wonder or marvel or even think. But books undeniably make good scapegoats: they stand still, can be looked at, and there, pinned down, black-on-white, is the naughty word, the illicit act, the perverted thought. But this is paradise, an oasis, alongside the demonic horror, sanctioned, the aphrodisiacal dirt, sanctioned, with which our culture of plenty inundates us: the bra, girdle, and cosmetic ads, the cheesecake photographs, the bust measurements, the beauty contests, the night-club offers to girls whose only gifts are the affairs they've had or pretended to have had, the kick-in-the-gut private-eye shows, the forging of folk heroes out of men who may only be the victims of their own satyriasis, the dirty white, clinging slip on the cringing girl, the Madison Avenue criteria of charm and the Hollywood Studio criteria of beauty, the bauble and gaud around us, O Lord!

Bad books? Brother, take me out to the ball game.

Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen — revelations

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2. *Cause and Effect*

By Alan U. Schwartz

NO PERSON seriously interested in releasing the stranglehold that censorship has on literature can approach this book with anything but great expectations. Written by two practising psychoanalysts after years of research, and endorsed by two respected, if somewhat off-beat, professionals, Theodor Reik and Jake Ehrlich, "Pornography and the Law" promises needed revelation of a vital subject. Unfortunately, the book itself does little to fulfill this promise and, instead, because of its basic legal naïveté, may in the future be quoted more by its supposed enemies than intended friends.

Although a good two-thirds of the book consists of either direct quotations from or paraphrases of works of "erotic realism" or "hard-core obscenity" it is not entirely fair to conclude, as have some, that the book is really an attempt to familiarize readers with works of pornography not otherwise available. Certainly the conscious intention of the authors is more serious and ambitious than this. Their aim is to examine so-called pornographic literature initially in psychological terms and then to relate the results of this examination to our present legal standards of censorship. They have largely failed in this aim not through lack of sincerity but through misinterpretation of the basic legal problem involved.

The book begins with a description of literature of so-called "erotic realism," literature beginning with Sir John Suckling's simple ironic lyric, "Proffered Love Rejected," and ending some hundred pages later with Henry Miller's frank but perhaps exaggerated confessional, "Tropic of Cancer." The point of all this, a valid one but one certainly made previously in courts and elsewhere, and with much less fol-de-rol, is that, unlike so-called hard-core pornography, the dominant theme of works of erotic realism "will be seen to be life itself in all its manifestations, with the focus on that which in our culture is most repressed, denied, and emasculated; namely, the sexual life in the wider meaning, including its simplest and most complicated manifestations."

The authors make their point but, although they often interrupt their erotic travels with scholarly explication, they fail to relate their observations meaningfully to the legal censorship of obscenity. Unfortunately, it is not enough to repeat the Supreme Court's latest definition of obscenity (U. S. v. Roth) and to point out that these works of "erotic realism" do not, really, "appeal to prurient interests" or offend contemporary "community standards." It is not enough because the judgments involved, by the very nature of their legal mandate, remain subjective and largely oblivious to this kind of persuasion.

Despite the authors' contention to the contrary, there are such things as "community standards," articulated at least, if not practised, and despite our most liberal convictions on the subject, we are bound to admit that it would not, in all cases, be completely unreasonable for one to maintain that a work of "erotic realism" such as "Tropic of Cancer" is "material having a tendency to excite lustful thoughts," which is how the Supreme Court defines appealing to "prurient interests." We might not agree, but that will not be enough to win our cause. So long as the legal definition remains in any way subjective, we are not materially aided by the intelligent generalities which the authors make about "the literature of erotic realism," which are likely to make specific sense only to the initiated.

AFTER a brief foray into the meaning of the present law, the authors turn to a detailed description of various "obscene" (hard-core) books in an attempt to distinguish certain elements common to this type of literature which are perhaps not as common elsewhere. From their examples they distill such hard-core characteristics as seduction, defloration, supersexed males and females, incest, and flagellation. The trouble with these abstractions, however, is that they may also apply to various non-obscene works, works of "erotic realism." Indeed, the authors take pains to make this clear. Consequently, it is difficult to see what value their analysis of hard-core literature has in legal terms. The obscene works from which the authors quote would clearly be obscene under the present law, and therefore are not helped by the analysis. On the other hand, the "obscene" characteristics catalogued by the authors, despite their *caveat*, may easily be used by determined members of the judiciary to censor works of "erotic realism." For example, the statement that the participation of third persons in defloration scenes is especially characteristic of "obscene" books, taken out of context, might well have been used to strike down William Faulkner's "Sanctuary," which has such a scene in spades.

The analysis of "obscene" literature is made even less valuable by two unfortunate, and somewhat inconsistent, attitudes of the authors. On the one hand, it is clearly evident that the authors give us far more of the source material than is needed to make their point. This leaves the work open to attack on a less than valuable basis and further detracts from its serious purpose. On the other hand, the authors seem to exhibit an excessively Puritanical coyness by refusing to quote certain words and descriptions from this "obscene" material. This is altogether annoying and detracting. If this material is to be viewed clinically, as the authors desire, there is no reason to get prim.

It is only at the end of the book, in the chapter entitled "The Psychological Effects of Erotic Literature" that the Drs. Kronhausen begin to shed light upon the censorship problem. By quoting some professional opinions and throwing in a case or two, they intimate that there may indeed be no ascertainable causal relationship between the reading of pornography, whether erotically realistic or hard-core, and human behavior. Clinical proof of this thesis would be a potent weapon in the hands of those who are trying, through the judicial process, to free literature from censorship. Courts might think twice about denying certain books the protection of the First Amendment if they could be convinced that these books, no matter how pornographic, had no ascertainable effect upon those who read them. Would that the authors had spent the years of research which we are told went into this book in a clinical examination of the relationship between obscene literature and behavior! But, instead, they have chosen to leave this thesis unproven and, by doing so, have not made the most effective use of their obvious professional talents in the fight against censorship.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 870

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 870 will be found in the next issue.

"SPR, THCHT," RHFC OGP
DXQQPNP MLPRFCPEO,
"AP NKHLHEOPP
RHOFRWHDOFXE XL
LPOKLE OGP ZXS."
—GHLYHLC QHTMXXE.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 869

A bad cold wouldn't be so annoying if it weren't for the advice of our friends. —KIN HUBBARD.

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Chaos of the Incomplete Man

"Man: The Bridge Between Two Worlds," by Franz E. Winkler, M.D. *(Harper. 268 pp. $5), asks, among other questions, whether modern man's personality is disintegrating. Stringfellow Barr, the author of "The Pilgrimage of Western Man," is now working on a history of ancient Greece, "The Will of Zeus."*

By Stringfellow Barr

THIS is an extraordinary book for our country to produce at so flaccid a moment in its cultural history. It combines poetic insight, moral courage, and a cool judgment, refined by long scientific training. Its author has squarely faced the same problem, among others, that C. P. Snow considered in "The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution," published in this country several weeks ago: the dangerous chasm that now widens between Snow's "new men" of science and the humanists who are ignorant of science and too often proud of their ignorance. Sir Charles himself has partly bridged the chasm, as a highly trained physicist and a more than competent novelist. I suspect that Franz Winkler has built a more relevant bridge and that the practice of medicine gave him the insights to build it. The practising physician, provided he has not hidden in his specialty, enjoys a unique opportunity. On the one hand, a doctor's training should make him at home in the world of matter that science observes, measures, and in some sense obeys. On the other hand, he must deal also with problems quite beyond the range of laboratory methods.

Dr. Winkler's main thesis was already old when Plato stated it: that the soul of man is the destined meeting place of the knowledge that comes to us from the world of matter and the knowledge we get by looking inward. It is a bridge between these two worlds. The author has had the chance to observe by the light of this insight the precarious condition of man in the Sixties. He documents from his daily experience how modern man, who has made such dazzling scientific achievements, has allowed his inward eye to go blind from disuse and his imagination and intuition to wither, until he even doubts his inward eye's existence. For Dr. Winkler, therefore, it is not merely that those who work in the sciences can not communicate with those who work in the humanities, but that communication is also breaking down between the sciences and even more conspicuously inside the humanities. Of more urgent importance to the doctor and to us his patients, modern man's personality shows signs of disintegrating.

Dr. Winkler vends no startling panacea. He does, however, assure us—as do the great teachers of the past—that the inward eye can recover its sight only through use. Dr. Winkler uses the ancient distinction between external and internal perception to illuminate the sort of things we read about in the papers; juvenile delinquency, totalitarianism, religiosity, distrust of ideas, contemporary psychology, the anxiety and boredom that afflict us. Because his own mind is singularly free, compassionate, and original, and because it has been fertilized by communion with the great minds of our tradition, the description given here of our world is wise, witty, and in my judgment important.

But the strength of the book comes from one simple fact. The author loses no time in condemning the incomplete. His awareness that modern man's intuition has withered never tempts him to deprecate natural science. We live in a world of matter, including the matter in our own vulnerable bodies. He only insists that we simultaneously inhabit a world of ideas. We ignore either world at great peril. Lost in ideas, we may stumble over a chair, and the result is often good comedy. Lost in such things as chairs, we can, alas, stumble over ideas, and the result can be terribly tragic. If man loses confidence in the reality of one of these worlds, "he automatically destroys the validity of the other. What remains is chaos."

The language in which Dr. Winkler writes is admirably simple and direct. When he named intellect as what we understand matter with and intuition as what we use when we look inwards, I regretted the loss of an older terminology, in which intuition was one of the powers of the human intellect. But most modern readers understand the terms this way. The sensitive reader would guess that English is the author's second language. The resultant flavor has not been editorially tampered with and reminds one of how much less nonsense we tend to speak and write in a second tongue.

"To you children of history, who, on some far-distant day down the dim, dark corridors of time, may breach this stone. . ."

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The Voice of Choice

"Issues of Freedom: Paradoxes and Promises," by Herbert J. Muller *(Harper. 170 pp. $3.50), relies on human nature as the primary source for society's progress. August Heckscher is the director of the Twentieth Century Fund.*

By August Heckscher

FREEDOM over the centuries has meant many things, from an absolute right to do as one pleases to an equally absolute subservience to a superior will. It has been desired by most peoples in most times. Yet in the philosophical writings of the East, freedom is rarely discussed; and even in the West, where political liberty had its first home, there are ends which men set above it. The preservation of the nation-state is for most Westerners a higher good than even their most cherished freedoms—as for the Russians the nation-state is a higher good than Communism. Nevertheless, once having tasted freedom, men will seldom reconcile themselves to its lack.

Mr. Muller's book is in the long line of philosophical inquiries into the nature of freedom—a noble line—and in its lucidity, reasonableness, and spirit of sane hope this present volume is worthy of its lineage. Those who know Mr. Muller's earlier books—"The Uses of the Past" and "The Loom of History"—will not be surprised to learn that he approaches his subject with cheerfulness and good sense, as well as with a wide background of knowledge. The discussion of freedom has been enlarged by the modern emphasis on cultural diversity and the awareness of historical change. Mr. Muller takes full advantage of this new perspective; his tolerance and lack of absolutism, combined with a steady adherence to values he deems good, derive from a wide reading of man's experience.

Mr. Muller rejects all those philosophies which see freedom in obedience to a higher law or subservience to an ideal will. It seems quixotic to him that men should be deemed free when they are under compulsion to subject their desires and preferences to what is held to be an ultimate wisdom or a perfect virtue. The old slave is quoted as saying that he likes freedom because "there's a kind of looseness about it"; and something of this quality is what Mr. Muller roots for. But does not the freedom which permits men to choose, even when it means choosing to be something less than their best selves, run the risk of turning into license? Of course it does, would be Mr. Muller's reply. Freedom is always in danger of turning to folly or excess; it always involves a risk. But to eliminate this factor of uncertainty is to debase the meaning of the word.

Freedom might be made safe and secure as a result of man's rationality. But man, says Mr. Muller, is not purely rational: his experience is "much broader and richer, untidier and wilder" than a rationalist would like to have it. Invariably men will pursue ends that seem to others unreasonable or wrong. Tolerance and patience are thus called for; yet the author does not fall into the error of assuming that man's traditional ceremonies and cherished institutions are valid simply because they happen to be part of a culture pattern. Men may pursue slavery or blood sacrifice; and there will be someone prepared to justify it on the grounds that it "makes sense" within the over-all cultural tradition. Despite his strong strain for relativism, Mr. Muller takes his stand on certain basic values. Freedom to him does not mean escape from responsibilities, nor does it mean attachment to what is patently inhumane.

Since freedom involves risk, faith in the outcome of a free society must be rooted, at bottom, upon faith in human nature. Mr. Muller has no patience with doctrines of Original Sin; he saves his sharpest barbs for those who assert that "human nature can't be changed." The historian and the anthropologist have in mind too many images of man at different stages of development, holding to beliefs and practices more or less elevated, to suppose that any single phase is fixed or ultimate. Progress is not automatic; freedom is no guarantee of a right choice. But the great adventure goes on, confused by man's frailty, redeemed by his basic decency.

THE proponents of freedom have often claimed more for it than Mr. Muller in this essay will allow. They have tended to equate it with justice or with equality; but freedom, he argues, may have little to do with either of these qualities. Others have seen it as the end value toward which religion or art have been tending. Mr. Muller admits that the true artist moves at the moment of creation in harmony with the deep nature of things; but Art itself (Art with a capital "A") has in the course of history served every cause, including the propping up of the worst dictatorships. As for religion, the author remarks somewhat wryly that it has other things to worry about than liberty. In short, freedom as it is defined and defended here is an end in itself, seeking simply the affirmation of man's inherent and individual nature.

Vision for Fission

"Philosophy for a Time of Crisis: An Interpretation with Key Writings by Fifteen Great Modern Thinkers," by Adrienne Koch *(Dutton. 382 pp. $5.95), confronting today's uneasy world, comes up with differing solutions. Paul Arthur Schilpp is a professor of philosophy at Northwestern University.*

By Paul Arthur Schilpp

DOES a time of world crisis call for philosophical reflections? Dr. Koch not merely thinks so, but makes an eloquent plea for it. Philosophy, she writes, is "an integrated enterprise involving critical and sustained reflection on issues of grave importance to modern man."

Between three introductory chapters depicting the present crisis and outlining the perspective of philosophy and two closing chapters from Dr. Koch's own pen, she offers a selection of wisely chosen excerpts from fifteen contemporary thinkers. Even though only nine qualify as technical philosophers, it is surprising that Miss Koch could find that many who have a real concern for mankind's present plight. For it is the current vogue of philosophical analysts and logical empiricists to be concerned only with logic and the philosophy of language, a fact that Miss Koch does not fail to mention and deplore.

Dr. Koch writes that she finds in each excerpt "a felt universal need for vision, for an answer to nihilism, and some potential alternative to meaningless total destruction." But these, after all, are too general and vague to constitute agreement on methods of attack.

Yet, in addition to being expected, the disagreements are actually salutary. For, no man, however great, could claim to have the last word in such a discussion. Like all philosophy, the writings would spur the reader to do his own thinking.

Space permits only a few remarks: One finds it somewhat difficult, to put it mildly, to go along with E. M. Forster in his claim that "this is an age of faith." If so, faith in what or in whom? Unless, of course, it be faith in A-bombs, H-bombs, jets, and missiles. Nor is it true, as he writes, that "ignoring evidence is one of the characteristics of faith." Credulity ignores evidence, but not necessarily faith. Faith not only may be, but ought to be reasonable.

In direct contrast to Forster, Erich

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Fromm insists that "faith is not one of the concepts that fits into the intellectual climate of the present-day world." And then he asks: "Can man live without faith?" Without it "man becomes sterile, hopeless, and afraid."

Einstein agrees with Fromm. "I cannot conceive of a genuine scientist," he wrote, "without . . . profound faith." Even though Einstein's faith is "in the possibility that the regulations valid for the world of existence are rational, that is, comprehensible to reason," reason itself is, after all, a human attribute and method. One cannot long retain faith in reason after one has given up all faith in man.

Buber (Jew), Maritain (Neo-Thomist), Reinhold Niebuhr (Protestant), and Radhakrishnan (Hindu) represent the specifically religious thinkers in this symposium. Excellent choices, one and all. Philosopher and Vice President of India Radhakrishnan makes an impassioned appeal for a universal religion, which does not try to fuse the existing world religions, but achieves a fellowship of all of them.

For the German existentialist philosopher Karl Jaspers, "the issue is between the path to world empire"—dictatorship, which he dreads—"or the path to world order." "World order," he writes, ". . . would mean the abolition of the old concept of the State in favor of mankind. The outcome would . . . be . . . an order, perennially reestablished in negotiation and decision, of States governing themselves within legally restricted domains: an all-embracing federalism." Agreeing, Bertrand Russell insists that "there is only one way in which the world can be made safe from war, and that is the creation of a single worldwide authority, possessing a monopoly of all the more serious weapons."

OTHER contributors to the symposium are Arnold Toynbee, the American economist J. M. Clark, the Italian novelist Ignazio Silone, whose Communist god failed him, and three philosophers, Sidney Hook (American), Karl Popper (Austrian-British), and Jean-Paul Sartre (French). Obviously a formidable list.

No two editors would choose the same writers for such a volume; but I am struck by the absence of Lewis Mumford and (at least part of) Albert Schweitzer's Nobel Prize address, to say nothing of John Dewey.

Perhaps not least important is Dr. Koch's own contribution to this volume. Her analysis of the present crisis, despite its necessary brevity, is sagacious and her proposals are both important and clear.

At last "The New Mark Twain"!

Several years ago, *Andrea Cousins* declared in a nationwide broadcast: "I have often wished there might be another Mark Twain. At last we've found our man. He is Ben Lucien Burman." With the publication of Ben Burman's new novel, *The Street of the Laughing Camel*, reviewer after reviewer, in a chorus of extraordinary praise, has conferred on the author the mantle of the beloved Samuel Clemens. *John Barkham* called the book "just as funny as *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*." Other critics have compared it to *Innocents Abroad* and *Huckleberry Finn*. *Robert Hillyer* wrote in the *New York Times Book Review* that *"it deserves some kind of American award." John Hutchens* in the *New York Herald Tribune* called it the work of "a knowing old master."

Now New York's leading stage producer, David Merrick, impresario of *Gypsy*, *La Plume de Ma Tante*, and *Destry Rides Again*, will make it into a big Broadway musical. *The Street of the Laughing Camel* is one of those rare books that appeals to every taste, a universal novel. Read it for yourself and discover why.

The Street of the Laughing Camel

by BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

Author of Steamboat Round the Bend
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Soviet Orbit

Continued from page 18

Soviet actions and intents if we view them in the context of traditional Russian policy. As he says: "The concept of national interest, by focusing attention on the objective sources of conflict—that is, those which can be explained rationally as issues between nations—permits us to view the international scene in terms of a global problem of power relations rather than as a cops-and-robbers melodrama."

Certainly the best key to an understanding of Russian national interests is Russian history. If we see that time and again in given sets of circumstances Russia has reacted in a given way—whether her ruler was Ivan IV, Nicholas I, or Stalin—then we may begin to feel sure that we have grasped certain principles which may tend to guide her conduct in the future.

Of course, present-day Moscow would object violently to this approach. It is the thesis of Communist Russia that Marxist motives rule her actions. Equally vociferous objections to the historio-geographical approach come from those scholars who devote themselves to examining the entrails of freshly slaughtered Marxist pigeons, seeking portents as did their predecessors in ancient Rome.

It is a pity that, with the vast funds made available for Soviet studies these days by foundations, government agencies, the military, and the great universities, so much goes into ritualisti phrase-matching and comma-huntir and so little into meaningful and genu ine scholarship of the kind epitomized i the older generation by Vernadsky ano in the younger by Dallin.

Portraits

By Rosemary Thomas

CARELESS in counting friends,
he is an amateur of sorts,
attempting to please.

His wit is Pope's,
clandestine in remembering
quotations from childhood.

Now he sorts stamps,
holds grandchildren,
occasionally takes the old cello
from its leaning-corner.

Compare Matisse
blowing brave windows
for a new cathedral
in the midst of the bright purple
fungus of death.

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Barricade of Books

"The Revolt of the Mind," by Tamas Aczel and Tibor Meray *(Praeger. 449 pp. $5), traces, first, the cooperation, then the disaffection of Hungarian writers with their Communist regime. Professor Emil Lengyel, of New York University, wrote "1,000 Years of Hungary."*

By Emil Lengyel

"BOOKS costing fifty pesetas," Miguel Primo de Rivera was reported to have said, "are never dangerous for the security of the State." In the opinion of Spain's erstwhile dictator, people who read books are deficient in the skill to erect barricades. This, however, is not the view of the Hungarian Communist regime, which, as Tamas Aczel and Tibor Meray, the authors of "The Revolt of the Mind," show, has assigned top priority to the supervision of even the most expensive scholarly books. Matyas Rakosi, number-one Communist before the Hungarians' 1956 uprising, was himself a chain-reader who set the goals for his literary chain-gang and supervised its work. The goal was "Socialist realism," presumably a faithful description of life combined with optimism about the future under party leadership. The writers, however, did erect barricades in Hungary.

The subtitle of this book is "A Case History of Intellectual Resistance Behind the Iron Curtain." To the extent that Hungary's case is unique this is not a case history. Nevertheless, this book is a valuable compendium on the operation of a tightly integrated system in which literature, too, is subordinated to a central planning agency. The authors provide the reader with detailed descriptions of the lives and works of the Hungarian Communist writers and their political bosses. Why had so many gifted and well-meaning writers joined the Communist Party? Because, the authors say, no other party was bent on liquidating the country's antiquated, semifeudal regime. Why had so many of the writers held on to their party cards even after they had been disenchanted? Because they lived under a synthetic intellectual barometric pressure which pervaded all their pores and also because the party line was their lifeline. They wanted to write because they wanted to live.

The authors document the direct relationship between the Hungarian writers' work after they had escaped the influence of the all-pervading pressure, and the fantastic 1956 autumnal uprising in which a small nation dared to defy the Soviet super-power. What explains the remarkably penetrating influence of the writers? There is an old tradition in Hungary to heed the poets' voice: in another fantastically bold revolution, when the Hungarians dared to defy the Habsburg dynasty in 1848, they heeded the voice of Sandor Petofi, their greatest poet.

Also, writers are held in great esteem in Hungary, where not a few of them can even make a decent living. At the time when many writers in Budapest turned against the Communist Party copperheads, many of their readers approached them in the streets and public conveyances, congratulating them on their initiative and shaking their hands. "But the writers knew that they were far from being such great heroes. They were simply nauseated by the pleasures and fears of the past, and they were yearning for new pleasures, and, yes, new fears."

THE two authors of this book were not only Communists but, as they themselves say in the foreword, they were Stalinists, and as such they were accorded the highest recognition under the regime. Both of them were recipients of the Kossuth Prize, named after their country's great mid-nineteenth-century leader of the anti-Habsburg revolution, and one of them was awarded the highest honor in the entire Soviet literary world, the Stalin Prize. They have turned their backs both on Stalinism and Communism, but in the light of their record can their latter-day judgment be trusted? A good answer to this question was provided by another disenchanted Hungarian writer, Paul Ignotus, in his book "Political Prisoner," recently published in England (Routledge): "From former Fascists humanity has learned nothing except perhaps the art of dissimulating their parts. From former Communists humanity has learned the art of being anti-Communist intelligently."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Coleridge ("Christabel"). 2. Chaucer ("Canterbury Tales" prologue). 3. Hardy ("Ah, Are You Digging on My Grave?"). 4. Cowper ("On a Spaniel Called Beau Killing a Young Bird"). 5. Shakespeare ("Julius Caesar," iii, I). 6. Keats ("The Eve of St. Agnes"). 7. Pope ("Epigram Engraved on the Collar of a Dog which I Gave to His Royal Highness"). 8. Arnold ("Geist's Grave"). 9. Burns ("The Twa Dogs"). 10. T. S. Eliot ("Of the Awefull Battle of the Pekes and the Pollicles").

Marcus Blechman

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N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review

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DOUBLEDAY

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Importance of the Cherry Tree

By JOAN WINSOR BLOS, *associate, Publications Department, Bank Street College of Education*

IN THESE times of national doubt there is a tendency to deprecate the American tradition and to regard as naïve or chauvinistic any attempt to recognize its value and its vitality. Sophistication substitutes for sentiment and adults smile at the plasticine log cabins and cherry trees of construction paper which form the February décor for countless elementary school classrooms. Yet there is nothing wrong with the symbols *per se*, and the honesty and patriotism for which they stand have place in our national life. For young children the feeling that this is essentially a nation of "good guys" is personally strengthening and of potential social value. The realization that all has not been for the very best and that much remains to be done can come later. When it does come, it is important that the new awareness bring a feeling of challenge (not of disillusionment) and that it be combined with a sense of historical balance. Instruction in this area is not solely the responsibility of the schools.

Parents who care about these matters may find reward in reading and discussing with their children such books as **"The American Reader,"** by Paul M. Angle (Rand McNally, $7.50). Despite its somewhat formidable price, the volume is a good investment for it provides a wealth of firsthand material. The table of contents (which runs from the Spanish explorers to Explorer I) is a masterpiece of organization, typography, and usability. Some of the later items may be of particular interest since they deal with topics that are history to children but vivid life experiences to their parents.

The range of juveniles relating to American history closely parallels that of adult books. In the factual categories of biography and straight exposition the Civil War is especially popular, as is the Revolution; and virtual armies of generals, colonels, and lesser officers of these and other wars have been accorded biographical treatment during the past year. There is also a book about a dog! **"Scannon,"** by Adrien Stoutenburn and Laura Nelson Baker (Scribners, $2.95), takes as its hero the Newfoundland puppy that accompanied Lewis and Clark. But the story, based on diaries and other documents, is of the expedition, and it is well told.

The possibility of presenting both social and personal history is particularly well developed in some of the year's better biographies. In Arna Bontemps's skilful **"Frederick Douglass"** (Knopf, $3) wise presentation of the hero's motives establishes the rather subtle point that the wrong of slavery is intrinsic and that physical maltreatment is not the crux of the matter.

Other books are to be commended because they neither patronize their readers nor idealize the individuals with whom they are concerned. In **"I Mary,"** by Ruth Painter Randall (Little, Brown, $3), Lincoln's troubled wife is the heroine. But the biography does not evade the fact of her mental illness nor gloss over the difficulties it caused. **"Washington and the Revolution,"** by Lynn Montross (Houghton Mifflin North Star Book, $1.95), is candid in acknowledging that the man who is now remembered as "first in war" started as an inept general whose errors cost lives. And Catherine Owens Peare tells **"The Helen Keller Story"** (Crowell, $2.75) with sympathy that does not prevent objectivity.

In contrast to biographies that present a single figure in several aspects is **"The Great Dissenters,"** by Fred Reinfeld (Crowell, $2.75.). Six sketches of significant men are directed to the central idea that "they are recognized today precisely because they dared to be themselves." In a book called **"And Long Remember"** (Whittlesey House, $3.50) Dorothy Canfield Fisher campaigns for courage, integrity, and other values. She is at her best, though, when she quietly and thoughtfully describes heroes such as the Navy man whose comment about the victorious smashing of an enemy ship was, "Don't cheer boys, the poor devils are dying."

—From "The World of Captain John Smith."

Historical perspective of still another sort is represented by Genevieve Foster's **"The World of Captain John Smith"** (Scribners, $4.95), in which emphasis is placed upon the total world situation rather than upon the single figure of the title. Vigorous text and illustrations (some taking the form of charts) are in keeping with a forceful interpretation of events and international relationships. Gerald W. Johnson's **"America Is Born"** (Morrow, $3.95) has similar intent but less scope.

In addition to the foregoing, it is well to keep in mind that many of the leading publishers have provided excellent series of biographical and historical works, such as the Landmark Books by Random House, Houghton Mifflin's North Star Books, and Grosset & Dunlap's Signature Books. Other publishers have extensive lists of generally high caliber in this area.

FICTION, which has paritcular power to evoke feelings of immediacy and involvement, makes a special contribution. Whether it serves to stimulate interest in a certain period or episode, to consolidate and highlight knowledge already gained, or to give direct pleasure, it should not be quickly dismissed. Two books that warrant notice are **"Mission in Mexico,"** by J. R. Williams (Prentice-Hall, $3.), and **"The Far Frontier,"** by William O. Steele (Harcourt, Brace, $2.95). The first tells an exciting, true-to-its-period story of a Southern boy's search for his military father amidst Maximilian's doomed forces; the second follows a lad, and the naturalist to whom he has been bonded, into the Indian sectors of Tennessee and gives a moving account of the boy's emergent respect for the eccentric old man.

Although children who have already embarked on the formal study of American history may be the first to appreciate such readings, their appeal and appropriateness is by no means limited to this group. Knowledge of history is more than an academic requirement. To the extent that it presents the simultaneous existence of contrast and continuity it becomes a meaningful way of associating with the past and understanding the present. But to do this effectively needs more than facts. Imagination must supplement information and this, in essence, can be the dramatic contribution of historical works.

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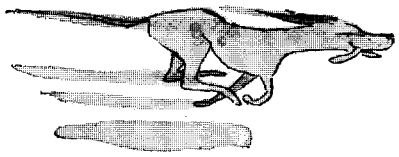


—*From "The Sooner Hound."*

THE SOONER HOUND. *Written and illustrated by Harvey Weiss. Putnam.* 48 *pp.* $2.75. This rollicking tale is told in colorful language and is full of the extravagant humor typical of the American folklore from which it is adapted. Ages 6-9.

ADAM AND THE GOLDEN COCK. *By Alice Dalgliesh. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Scribners.* 64 *pp.* $2.50. During the American Revolution the French soldiers came "not from hatred of the English but for love of liberty." How one of Rochambeau's regiments arrived at a small Connecticut town and how this affected the friendship of two boys (one of whom was a Tory's son) is quietly told in this brief and effectively illustrated book. Ages 7-10.

ALASKAN HUNTER. *By Florence Hayes. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Houghton Mifflin.* 248 *pp.* $3. Two young boys encounter blizzards, bears, and other perils when they go on a long journey in search of a better hunting ground for their starving village. A readable story, of interest not so much for its characterizations and plot as for its picture of primitive Eskimo living. Ages 8-12.

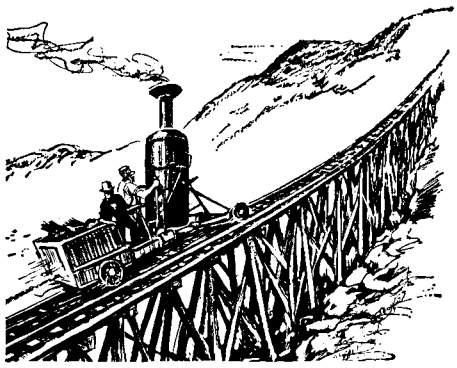
HARRIET AND HER HARMONIUM. *By Alan Lomax. Illustrated by Pearl Binder. Music arranged by Robert Gill. Barnes. Unpaged.* $3.95. A review can only applaud the idea of this book: a travelogue of America illustrated with regional songs. The actual story is overcrowded: fantastic, realistic, and whimsical by turns. The large pages are jammed full of words and busy illustrations. Ages 8-12.

THE STORY OF ELEANOR ROOSEVELT. *By Lorena A. Hickok. Illustrated by William Barss. Grosset & Dunlap Signature Books.* 180 *pp.* $1.95. If this story of Mrs. Roosevelt's life from girlhood to 1948 only skims the surface in order to reach young readers, nevertheless it supplies numerous interesting details and has an appealing simplicity. Ages 8-12.

FIRST BOOK OF PIONEERS. *By Walter Havighurst. Illustrated by Harve Stein. Watts.* 69 *pp.* $1.95. This addition to the First Book series is a well-told, simple account of the westward trek in terms of the daily lives of pioneer families. A good map would have added much to the text. Ages 9-12.

STEAMBOATS TO THE WEST. *By Edith McCall. Illustrated by Robert Borja. Children's Press.* 123 *pp.* $2.50. The importance of America's inland waterway to expansion, commerce, and war is the theme of this book, which is enlivened by the immediacy of the descriptions of rivers and the men who sailed on them. Few books give, like this one, the picture of dedicated pioneers not too earnest to kid around with each other. Maps are not supplied but should have been. Ages 9-12.

OLD PEPPERSASS: The Locomotive That Climbed Mount Washington. *By Leonard A. Stevens. Illustrated by Frank Kramer. Dodd, Mead.* 233 *pp.* $3. *Old Peppersass* was the world's first mountain-climbing engine. This much is fact. The story is enlivened by a fictional inventor and his teen-age son. *Old Peppersass* is on view today at Mount Washington. Ages 10-14.



—*From "Old Peppersass."*

THE FIRST TRANSATLANTIC CABLE. *By Adele Gutman Nathan. Illustrated by Denver Gillen. Random House Landmark Book.* 180 *pp.* $1.95. This authoritative and vivid history shows how the dream of better understanding through better communication (along with the old American dream of making money and a name) provided the stimulus for the vigorous fight of many men against the ocean depths. Ages 10 up.

AMERICAN WORDS. *By Mitford M. Mathews. Illustrated by Lorence Bjorklund. World.* 246 *pp.* $3.95. This book is not merely a dictionary of Americanisms; the words have been selected for the stories behind them. Entries under "J" are jack pine; jaywalker; John Hancock; Johnny Appleseed; johnnycake; juke box—enough to interest a young American in both his country and his language. Ages 10 up.

OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL. *By E. John Long. Illustrated with photographs. Garden City Books.* 222 *pp.* $1.95. This detailed study of Washington, D.C., will prove useful as a guidebook for children whose classes or families contemplate a visit to the national Capital. Good photographs but, unfortunately, no map. Ages 10 up.

KNOW YOUR GOVERNMENT. *By George E. Ross. Illustrated by Seymour Fleishman. Rand McNally.* 72 *pp.* $2.95. A guidebook to our complex governmental structure, complete with clear charts, lists of pertinent facts, etc. A useful resource for junior and senior high school students. Ages 11 up.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. *Adapted for young readers by Fred Cook from "The American Heritage Book of the Revolution." Golden Press.* 191 *pp.* $4.95. The illustrations (plates reproducing contemporaneous views and photographs of actual settings) give tacit recognition to the value of period art as source material. They are more effective than the somewhat routine, generally satisfactory text. Ages 12 up.

POINT FOUR ASSIGNMENT. *By Russell Davis and Brent Ashabranner. Illustrated by Gil Miret. Little, Brown.* 246 *pp.* $3.50. With quiet passion, the authors show Americans doggedly making history in sixty countries of the world. Whether teaching homemaking in Peru or locomotive repair in Pakistan, the American technician's understanding of the people with whom (not for whom) he works is shown to be vital to success. But in this book, as in life, success does not always crown labor, however devoted. An unusually helpful index—with subdivisions for People, Places, Problems, and Programs—indicates the dedication with which this book was made. An important volume for Americans. Ages 12 up.

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR. *By Colonel Red Reeder. Illustrated by Frederick T. Chapman. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* 249 *pp.* $3.95. A bang-by-bang description of the Revolution's numerous skirmishes by a military man. There are glimpses of other Founding Fathers but the author's heart is with Washington and the men who fought the Redcoats. Ages 12 up.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. *By Eric Wollencott Barnes. Illustrated by W. N. Wilson. Whittlesey House.* 143 *pp.* $3.50. The *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, Sherman's march to the sea, Vicksburg, Gettysburg—all fall into place in this brief chronicle. Impartial, compact, yet clear, the book serves the useful function of outlining the general movement and continuity of events of the Civil War. Attractive paper, print, drawings, and oversized format enhance the readability. Ages 12 up.

Besides Mrs. Blos, reviewers for this issue (all members of the faculty of Bank Street College) are Irma Simonton Black, Betty Miles, and Ruth Sonneborn of the Publications Department, and Claudia Lewis of the Teachers Education and Research Departments.

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New Spotlight

Continued from page 14

Vladik, also on trial, was an only child, pampered by his solicitous parents. How, then, can one explain their crime?

Medynsky, "the good housewife," points a trembling but brave finger at the biggest truth in modern Russian life. Russia has become a "materialistic" society, in which the human spirit has been crushed under the dead weight of dialectical machination and totalitarian brutality. "The road to the sun goes through the human heart," he repeats.

"Can we bring up our people like machines?" No, Medynsky answers. "The people must be educated to think, and to understand thinking."

"Is there one truth?" No, Medynsky answers. "The truth is many-sided, and the path to truth is sometimes devious."

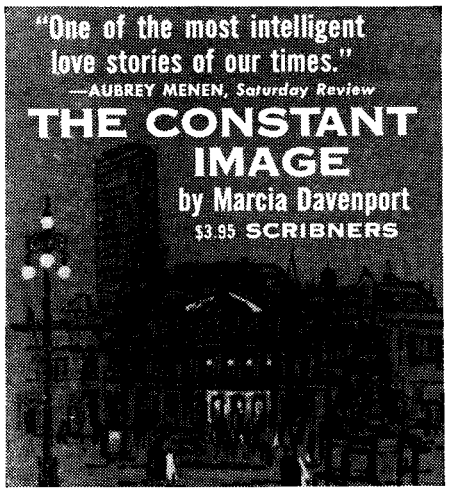
Medynsky appeals in "Honor" for a spotlight of truth to shine on Soviet society. He does not believe "evil" will disappear, because nobody talks about it. "We cannot live in daylight and then close our eyes to the darkness that also exists in our lives."

The state prosecutor, who believes in "one truth" and "one path," sentences Anton's gang to three years in a penal colony. Medynsky's description of this colony appears in the third and final installment of his novel, which, like all Soviet novels, was serialized. This description is unprecedented in Soviet literature since the early days of collectivization when Stalin established "socialist realism" as the guiding beacon of Russia's pens.

It is possible that the editors of *Moscow*, the journal of 40,000 circulation in which "Honor" appeared, tempered the conclusion of Medynsky's caustic, biting story. The third installment appeared six months after the second, and its tone seems strained, unnatural. Still, his picture of a penal colony is poignant. One criminal tells another how he lost his ten fingers. "I was sent out on a job. I had to carry some logs back to camp from the forest. It was very cold—about fifty below zero—and the wind was cruel. I did not have gloves, and by the time I got back to camp my fingers had frozen and they had to be amputated." Medynsky does not attack the secret police openly, but he notes that the guard wore gloves.

"Honor" is an extraordinary Soviet novel. Its brooding pages have not yet provoked an official government reaction. Possibly it is too soon to expect one. Possibly, too, the Kremlin does not want another literary scandal, and Khrushchev, the paragon of pragmatism, probably has decided to smother "Honor" with silence. He may hope that in an age of suitcase diplomacy the West will not cause a rumpus over "Honor."

KHRUSHCHEV may be right, but Medynsky's book contains three powerful lessons. First, it underscores the tremendous literary battle that is being waged in the Union of Soviet Writers between the "realists" and the "socialist realists." Clearly, Medynsky is a "realist." There are no simplified solutions to the problems of life, he feels,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From the Office Window

By May Swenson

(Winner of this year's William Rose Benét Memorial Award, presented by the Poetry Society of America for the best poem appearing in Saturday Review during 1959. Originally published September 19.)

MY ATTENTION the frame for a complication of city roofs:
Various levels, shapes, perspectives, angles. Puffs

from chimneys, ruffled flags on a school tower. Ectomorphic
shadows, flats of late light. Distant pigeons diving, cloud surf

slow-unrolling. A red construction crane north-leaning,
then south. Scrawl of a jet half-circling, caning

the sky. A monster of many surfaces rises to the split-second net
of my eye. How to beach it? Strokes of a pen, fleet

washes of a brush would fetch it eventually almost exact.
The process would be tedious, the body stiff, unlit

at capture. A camera might harpoon, arrest
the big thing whole—but gray and small. A cinema projector

could gulp and then expel it life-sized, intact in all
details, the entire whale still swimming. But the soul

would be hooked, and have to repeat itself just like that:
Chimneys never ceasing their white

evacuations. Shadows never slipping.
Flicking flags forever flicking.

Pigeons always slanting at that distance. The brick whale
never darkening. *Its many scales*

are already lamplit, the spouts and towers dark.
Words? Let their mutations work

toward the escape of objects into the nearest next
shape, motion, assembly, temporal context;

let the progeny of interlapping shadows multiply . . .
Facades of light! Another cumbrous monster has risen to my eye.

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and there must be no suppression of the truth. "The real man of strength will come," he prophesies, "who can see not only one side of a problem, but all sides." Implicitly, Medynsky is urging a democratic approach to social issues, such as juvenile delinquency and crime, and he hopes that Soviet society will start to take account of the "heart."

Ranged against Medynsky are the "socialist realists," who portray their characters with saccharine smiles and hearts, rushing enthusiastically toward the virgin lands to harvest bumper crops. They are the Kremlin's propagandists, pumping out stories that are supposed to instill a sense of excitement into the Russian people about "building Communism." They are the hacks who called Pasternak a "pig" and expelled him from the Union.

Anyone who has recently visited the Soviet Union can sympathize with the "socialist realists," because their job is impossibly difficult. They have to persuade the average Soviet citizen to be enthusiastic about an ideology in which he does not believe, and this fact was highlighted just last month by an amazing Moscow admission that Communism in Russia has only a "narrow sphere of influence." Khrushchev obviously wants to enlarge the sphere, but he is fighting strong currents, such as those seen in "Honor," that refuse to be submerged.

Second, Medynsky's novel proves that the publicist is still alive in the Soviet Union. His special genre of political literature flourished 100 years ago, when writers camouflaged their violent assaults on the government in pink-laced stories about the Russian countryside. "Honor" is decidedly not pink-laced, but its literary jaggedness suggests the hand of a publicist who is bursting to tell his story in the only form acceptable to the censor, a black-penciled figure who looms as prominently today on the Russian literary scene as he did 100 years ago.

Finally, Medynsky appears to nail down a theory about the old men of Russian letters, who are now writing more boldly, brightly, and briskly than their literary sons. Medynsky is part of the revolt of the Russian aged. He now belongs to the same school as Ehrenburg and Pasternak—the skilled craftsmen who manage to pen individualistic, spiritual stories about Soviet life that clearly run against the established current. There seems to be a gutty, defiant quality in their writing that must infuriate the Kremlin. For, in effect, the old men seem to be saying: "This, sir, is what we have to write. This is what is true. If you still cannot agree with us, then you are *materially* stronger than we. Kill us."

Washington

Continued from page 13

tribution, but it is certain that this Virginia gentleman—writing about Virginia's best-known gentleman—has done a sympathetic, detailed, and heroic biography. Despite all the scholarly trimming and unusual documentation (Freeman has said that his model is Boswell's "Life of Johnson"), this is the old drum-and-trumpet history in modern dress; and it comes off very well. Washington is as untarnished as ever.

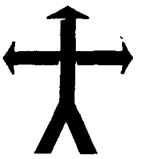
Washington's reputation has of course declined in some periods. When the Jeffersonians were forming the party that swamped the Federalists, the President was one of their primary targets. Freneau, Bache, Madison, and many others attacked him; the Jay Treaty of 1795 brought strong protests. Another low point occurred after the Civil War. Lincoln emerged after his martyrdom as the national symbol of unity and greatness. The South found a new idol in the defeated yet untarnished Lee. Washington was temporarily discarded. The most serious attack came in the 1920s. William E. Woodward's "George Washington: The Image and the Man" (1926) was the debunker's major sally, portraying a vain, ordinary, and undemocratic man, "almost as impersonal at the top of the government as a statue on top of a monument would have been."

Strange that Woodward, aware of this haughty impersonality, should launch a pea-shooter attack against a marble man.

HIS ammunition did not penetrate. Coolidge, whose monosyllabic, granite-block answers made him something of a folk hero in his own right, disposed of the debunkers in a few words. When asked if they could destroy George Washington, he looked out of the White House window. "Washington's monument is still there," he said.

Washington's aloofness preserves his reputation, but it also minimizes his warm-blooded, human side. There was fire and venom and drama enough in the real Washington. Think of Washington at Newburgh in 1783 when fronted by the impetuous document of his officers who felt mistreated by the Continental Congress. "Gentlemen, you will permit me to put on my spectacles, for I have not only grown gray, but almost blind in the service of my country," he said. Not a man felt, after that simple statement, that he should complain.

Recall the directions Washington's step-grandson gave a visitor at Mount Vernon. "You will meet with an old gentleman riding alone, in plain, drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat,



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a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff, which is attached to his saddle bow. That is General Washington."

Legends are the slowly perfected fruit from a shoot of imagination grafted onto a tree of fact, a blur and blend of what was and what should have been. Some of those about Washington can be attributed to specific sources. We know that Parson Weems invented the cherry tree story and the tale about a Quaker named Potts finding Washington praying fervently in the snow-covered woods near Valley Forge. But historical research (which proved that Weems first used the Valley Forge prayer story in the *Federalist* for March 12, 1804) cannot kill the image. The praying Washington remains fixed in the stone of the New York Sub-Treasury Building and indelible on millions of stamps. All the scholars put together cannot erase the prayer legend.

To no single source can be attributed the notions that Washington, like Saul of old, stood head and shoulders above most of his countrymen (actually he was shorter than Thomas Jefferson, whom we seldom think of as tall); that he was a man apart, with no real friends, and too heavy a burden to smile; that he concealed a deep, unrequited passion for a haughty colonial beauty; that he carved his initials on Natural Bridge and a score of other landmarks; or that he slept in almost every house of colonial America.

MORE elaborate are stories of Washington's miraculous escapes from danger. One has an Indian chief turning to his men during the Braddock rout and saying, "Mark yon tall and daring warrior? He is not of the red coat tribe. He hath an Indian's wisdom and his warriors fight as we do—himself alone is exposed. Quick, let your aim be certain, and he will die!" But no Indian bullet can find him. "It is in vain," concludes the chief. "The Great Spirit protects that man and guides his life." What miracle story of medieval times could be more marvelous?

Some legends flatly insist that Washington was protected by the gods. His mother is said to have had a prophetic dream in which young George saved the house (symbolically the Republic) from destruction by flames. Like other favorites of the gods, Washington allegedly had a sword with special properties. Samuel Samuel Woodworth asserted in "The Champion of Freedom" (1816) that this blade would bring forth a message from beyond the grave, that in times of crises it would "flash and brandish itself, arousing the living characters to action." Just as King Arthur is supposed to turn up to announce the millennium, just as Charlemagne is scheduled to reappear when his great white beard thrice encircles the stone table before him in Untersburg, so Washington is expected to make a return engagement in order to fulfill legendary requirements.

In all these tales Washington epitomizes the traits of which young America was fondest: virtue, idealism, and piety. His flaws seem pale when held up against this central proposition; he was willing to stake his life and fortune on his high principles, to take up without question a task others could not perform. This is the basis of his real fame and "second fictional life." The South was particularly proud of this Virginia aristocrat, who became the model for the ante-bellum planter class. "How much more delightful to an undebauched mind," Washington wrote to Arthur Young in 1788, "is the task of making improvements on the earth than all the vain glories which can be acquired from ravaging it." Even the Republicans, out of sympathy with Federalist policies, were in accord with Washington's agrarian sympathies. Jefferson opposed him, but never stopped respecting him. "Washington was indeed, in every way," he wrote in 1814, "a wise, a good, and a great man."

The blue cloth fades, and the white marble remains. In one of his more puckish moments, Nathaniel Hawthorne asked if anyone had ever seen Washington nude. "It is inconceivable," Hawthorne concluded. "He had no nakedness, but was born with his clothes on, and his hair powdered, and made a stately bow on his first appearance in the world."

Men in gray flannel suits may learn a lot from the story of the man in the white marble toga. It is not by bending to every whim and request that we achieve real popularity, or by following every popular cause that we become great. There are times to smile, and times to scowl; to confuse the occasions is an act of cowardice. Washington lacked many of the attributes of some heads of chambers of commerce and multi-echelon organizations. The one thing he never lacked, even when he was in error or defeat, was *integrity*. To have men like Weems, Sparks, Stuart, Houdon, Bloom, and Freeman behind him was a tremendous help. But Washington never looked back to see just who was behind him, or which way opportunism pointed. That is why he became father of his country.

That same country, and the men who guide its destiny today, might well ponder his story.

Marshall Fishwick, professor of American studies at Washington and Lee University, is the author of "American Heroes: Myth and Reality."

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1352

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Any observable fact or event.	134 31 85 20 174 116 119 87 213 38
B. Liver affliction which too many people have been getting lately.	2 185 155 17 79 70 117 128 21
C. Malicious and abusive satire directed against an individual.	93 164 189 179 71 133 26
D. Request (2 wds.).	39 16 112 46 104 156
E. Other than the objects, ideas, etc. under consideration (2 wds.).	150 19 55 171 14 107 12 139
F. To carry young before birth.	27 57 142 96 37 33 74
G. Followed by Word H, the masterpiece of ancient Epeus.	143 101 157 73 60 214
H. See Word G.	163 144 114 63 172
I. Committed to a course; unable to escape danger, etc. (3 wds.).	204 137 175 76 180 6 149
J. Outdoor structure popular with the young fry (comp.).	64 121 98 161 166 48 89 80 58 187 68 102
K. Tidal channel such as used for drainage near Manila.	13 170 24 54 72 84
L. Sine qua non of the convinced believer in astrology.	97 207 196 202 99 75 47 158 44

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Large dragnet in which two big boards keep apart the mouth by force of the water (2 wds.).	151 36 132 62 81 56 69 136 4 92
N. Small trees and large shrubs growing below the tall trees of a forest.	22 120 106 8 45 153 173 190 182 9
O. Puckers, goffers.	188 5 25 108 82
P. Pertaining to the outside of the nose.	154 208 50 110 77 177 183 129 28 206
Q. Colloq. for highly improbable (3 wds.).	66 111 1 167 30 59 78 203 193 159
R. Embellish.	34 168 41 160 10 65 83 3 105
S. Single action often with definite object in view.	198 194 113 162 123 7
T. Dry up.	147 200 215 32 18 109 15 103 130
U. Suffering with scurvy.	191 209 88 131 61 145 126 51 35
V. Mary Garden's great operatic role.	138 178 146 94 211 205 186 127 124
W. Mrs. Trollope's word for at one time, formerly.	11 201 52 141 118 42 135 181
X. Brazil's fourth city, active seaport.	86 91 23 165 169 184 195 199
Y. The Smithsonian's correct last name.	212 140 125 152 192 176 53 43 148 115 95
Z. The sum of traits conferring distinctiveness.	90 100 210 29 122 197 67 49 40

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 Q	2 B	3 R		4 M	5 O	6 I	7 S	8 N		9 N	10 R	11 W				
12 E	13 K		14 E	15 T	16 D		17 B		18 T	19 E	20 A	21 B	22 N	23 X	24 K	25 O	26 C				
27 F		28 P	29 Z	30 Q	31 A	32 T	33 F	34 R	35 U	36 M		37 F	38 A		39 D	40 Z	41 R				
42 W	43 Y	44 L	45 N		46 D	47 L	48 J		49 Z	50 P	51 U	52 W	53 Y	54 K	55 E	56 M	57 F				
	58 J	59 Q	60 G		61 U	62 M	63 H	64 J		65 R	66 Q	67 Z	68 J	69 M	70 B	71 C	72 K				
	73 G	74 F	75 L	76 I	77 P	78 Q	79 B	80 J	81 M	82 O		83 R	84 K	85 A	86 X		87 A				
88 U	89 J		90 Z	91 X	92 M	93 C		94 V	95 Y		96 F	97 L	98 J		99 L	100 Z	101 G				
102 J	103 T		104 D	105 R	106 N	107 E	108 O		109 T	110 P	111 Q	112 D		113 S	114 H	115 Y	116 A				
	117 B	118 W	119 A		120 N	121 J	122 Z	123 S	124 V	125 Y	126 U		127 V	128 B	129 P	130 T	131 U				
	132 M	133 C		134 A	135 W	136 M	137 I		138 V	139 E	140 Y	141 W	142 F		143 G	144 H	145 U				
146 V	147 T		148 Y	149 I		150 E	151 M	152 Y		153 N	154 P		155 B	156 D	157 G	158 L	159 Q				
160 R		161 J	162 S		163 H	164 C	165 X	166 J		167 Q		168 R	169 X	170 K	171 E	172 H	173 N				
	174 A	175 I		176 Y	177 P	178 V		179 C	180 I	181 W	182 N	183 P	184 X	185 B	186 V	187 J	188 O				
	189 C	190 N	191 U	192 Y	193 Q		194 S	195 X	196 L		197 Z	198 S	199 X	200 T	201 W	202 L	203 Q				
204 I	205 V	206 P		207 L	208 P	209 U	210 Z	211 V	212 Y	213 A	214 G	215 T									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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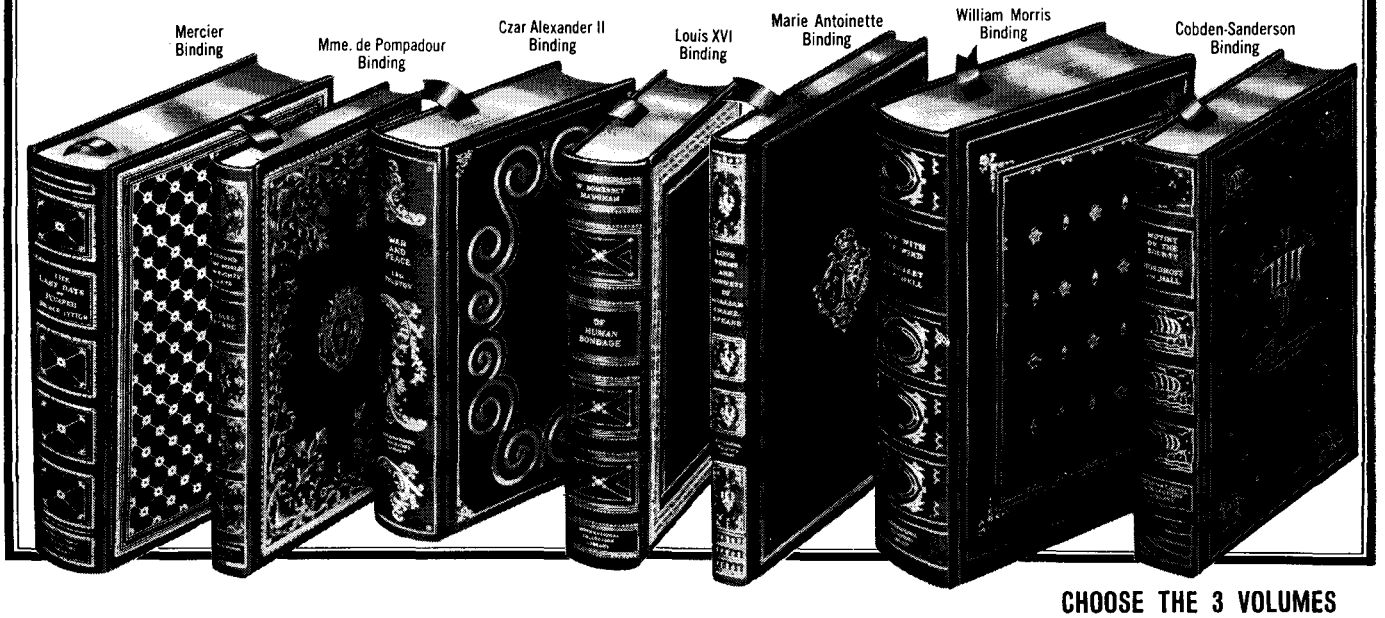

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